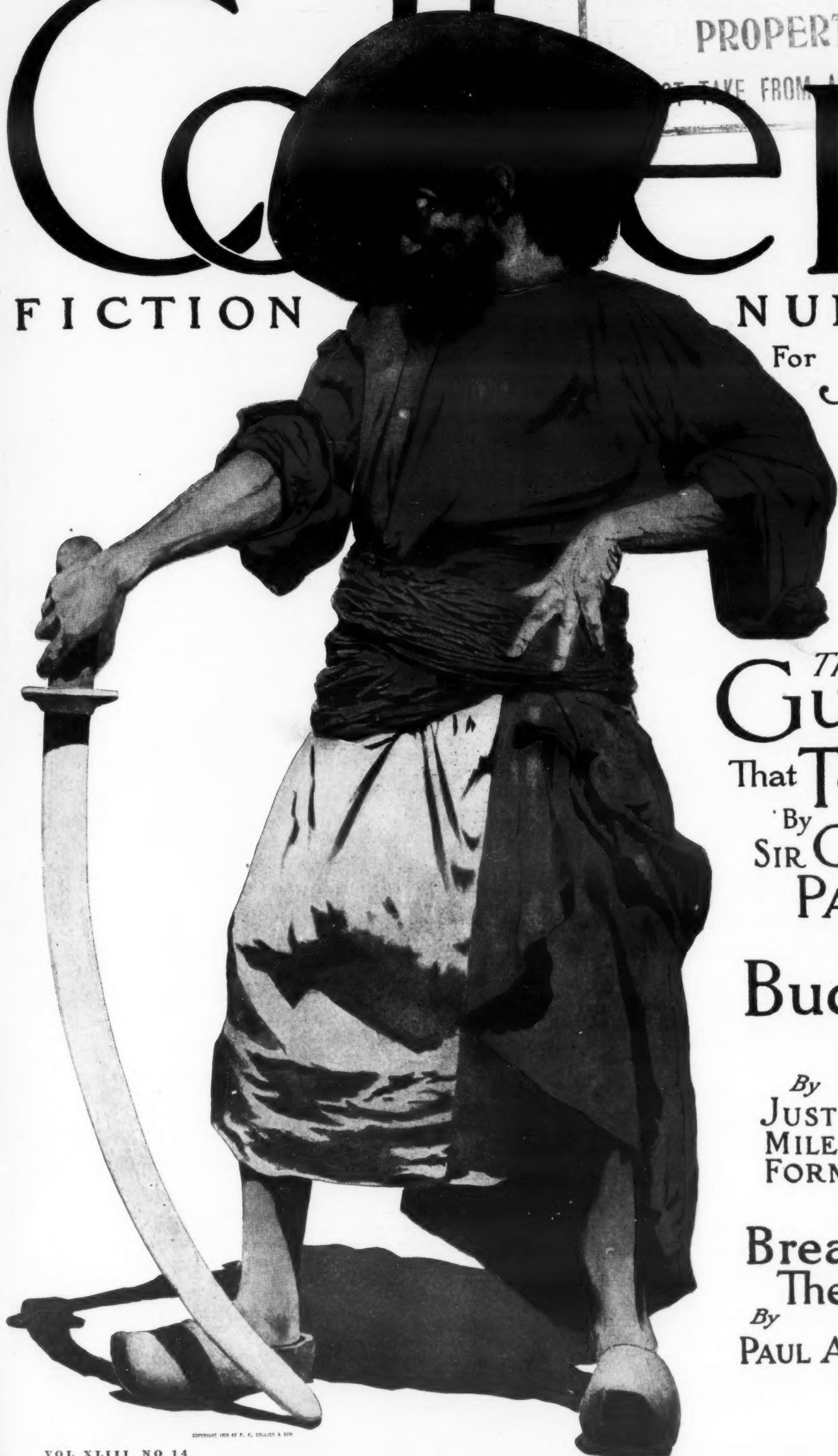


Collier's

FICTION

NUMBER
For July



The
Guest
That Tarried

By
SIR GILBERT
PARKER

Buddha's
Eye

By
JUSTUS
MILES
FORMAN

Bread on
The Waters

By
PAUL ARMSTRONG

VICTOR HERBERT *and* The EDISON PHONOGRAPH



Victor Herbert will make Records exclusively for the EDISON PHONOGRAPH

AN Edison Record made by Victor Herbert's orchestra, conducted by him and playing one of his own compositions, is a masterpiece.

Mr. Herbert was one of the first to see the possibilities of the Phonograph in giving the people good music. He recognized that Edison Amberol Records reproduced instrumental music best because of their length and their purity. That is why he readily made an arrangement which makes him practically musical adviser to the Edison Record-making department.

The arrangement includes the exclusive right to reproduce for the Phonograph Mr. Herbert's own compositions.

Securing Mr. Herbert will make the Edison Records as perfect musically as they are mechanically. The best music in the world is offered by Edison Records.

Write for free booklet, "The Edison Phonograph and the Home."

It contains articles of unusual interest, profusely illustrated by eminent American artists.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records. Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States—\$12.50 to \$125.00.

Standard Edison Records, 35c. Amberol Records, 50c. Grand Opera Records, 75c.

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OF
The Book Department
COLLIER'S

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More than that, you may run it for hours continuously; bake bread and cake; prepare a meal or do the weekly ironing; and for the whole time never be conscious of undue heat because of the stove. In this respect the



NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

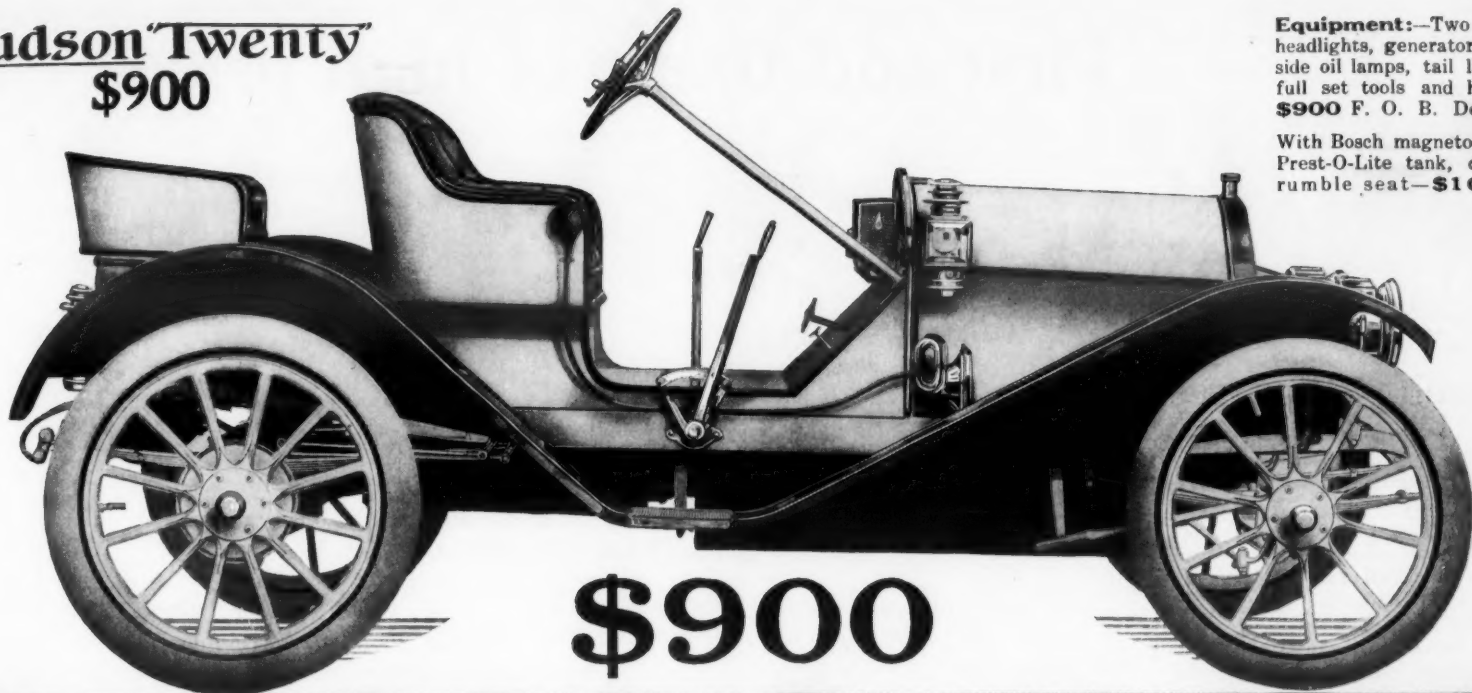
is the only sensible stove for summer. Differs from other oil stoves in its strong, handsome, useful CABINET TOP which can be used for holding dishes and for keeping meals hot. Also equipped with drop shelves on which may be placed small cooking utensils after they are removed from the blaze. Has every improvement—even to racks for towels. All told, it is a stove of convenience, comfort, safety and economy. Three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not at your dealer's, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo LAMP** gives a light more agreeable than the distressing flicker of gas or the blinding glare of electric bulbs. One's eyes never tire reading by the Rayo. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

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(Incorporated)

Hudson 'Twenty' \$900



\$900

Equipment:—Two large headlights, generator, two side oil lamps, tail lamps, full set tools and horn—\$900 F. O. B. Detroit.

With Bosch magneto, top, Prest-O-Lite tank, double rumble seat—\$1050.

Strong—Speedy—Roomy—Stylish

There have been many low priced cars, but never one so big, strong, speedy and good looking as this one. In the Hudson "Twenty" you get the best automobile value ever offered for less than \$1000. In this car you find that something called *class*—that something which other cars at or near this price have lacked.

Most low priced cars have been too small. In the Hudson "Twenty" you get a *big* car. Note the long wheel base—100 inches. Note the big, strong wheels, the large radiator, big hood, staunch, clean-made frame.

This car looks a big car. It is a big car. Other cars selling under \$1,000 have not been roomy. One felt cramped after riding in them. The Hudson "Twenty" has ample leg room. There is no Roadster made, regardless of price, that affords more comfort to those who ride in it. From the front seat to the dash there is a space of 31 inches.

Designers of other cars selling around the price of the Hudson "Twenty" have not seemed to realize that it is as easy to make a *good looking* car as it is to make another kind.

Here is a car that is good looking. It is big and racy looking. Note the graceful and harmonious lines. Observe the sweep of the fenders and the frame. There is no car with better lines. None from this standpoint more satisfying.

A man who can afford a half dozen cars will enjoy the Hudson "Twenty" as well as the man who can own but one.

Judged by every mechanical and engineering standard this car is thoroughly up-to-date without embodying any experimental features. It is a car that looks and acts like the more expensive. It is big, roomy, stylish, satisfying.

Some High Grade Features

The Hudson "Twenty" has a sliding gear transmission, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse, such as you find on the Packard, Peerless, Pierce, Lozier and other high grade cars. Most other low-priced cars do not have this type of transmission.

All the Power You Need

The motor is vertical, four cylinder, four cycle, water cooled, known as the Renault type. And Renault motors are the pride of France.

The Hudson "Twenty" motor develops all the power you can want. Any Hudson "Twenty" will do 50 miles an hour. On the Grosse Pointe race track one of them has been driven a mile a minute.

The frame of the Hudson "Twenty" is of the best open hearth stock. It is 3½" x 1½" section, accurately and carefully riveted together with hot rivets, and braced against all possible strains. Our

frames are made by the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company of Detroit, the company which makes frames also for the high-priced Stearns cars.

Single Piece I-Beam Axle

The front axle is a one piece drop-forged I-beam section, of the best grade of open hearth steel, carefully heat treated. The Peerless, Pierce, Matheson, Lozier and other high grade cars use drop forged front axles.

The rear axle is of the semi-floating type, shaft-driven, proved out by a score of makers.

Perfect Comfort Here

There is more rake to the steering post than is found on the average car. This allows the driver a comfortable position. The generous diameter of the steering wheel makes the car easy to handle.

The springs are of special steel, semi-elliptic in front, and three-quarter-elliptic in the rear, such as you find in the Renault, Chalmers-Detroit, Pierce and others.

Lubrication is of the pump circulated, constant splash system, which has proved so satisfactory on the Oldsmobile, Chalmers-Detroit and other highly successful cars.

The body is composed of the best grade of ash, carefully placed and securely bolted to the frame. The seats are large and roomy and well upholstered.

It Pleases the Eye

In color the "Twenty" is a rich maroon, with mouldings and edges of bonnet striped in black. Leather is blue black. Fenders, fender irons, pedals, and top irons are enameled black. The radiator, steering column, side lamp brackets, hub caps, and side control levers are of brass. Steps are aluminum.

The tires are 32"x3" in front and 32"x3½" in the rear. The crank shaft has a tensile strength of 100,000 pounds; the clutch is leather faced, cone type; the clearance is 12½ inches under the steering knuckles.

Worm and segment type steering gear, with extra large bearings, is used, and the control is of the accepted standard sort, shifted by lever on the right hand side.

The Hudson "Twenty" not only looks like the more expensive cars, but it *acts* like them too.

Fulfills Every Demand

It can go faster than most careful drivers want to ride, it can climb all of the hills, and stand up on all sorts of roads, and it will do this work on a small amount of gasoline, and at a low cost of repairs and tires.

The Hudson "Twenty" is the ideal car at the price. It leaves nothing to be desired.

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The "Twenty" has been recognized by the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. It is the only four cylinder licensed car selling for less than \$1,000.

Deliveries will begin in July, and orders will be filled in rotation as received. Please wire or write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

The Men Behind the Hudson

J. L. Hudson, President—Mr. Hudson is a leading, conservative business man and capitalist of Detroit.

Hugh Chalmers, Vice President—Mr. Chalmers is president of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company. He was formerly vice-president and general manager of the National Cash Register Company.

R. B. Jackson, Treasurer and General Manager—Mr. Jackson is a mechanical engineer. He was factory manager of the Olds Motor Works from 1903 to 1907.

Geo. W. Dunham, Chief Engineer and Designer—Mr. Dunham was chief engineer of the American Motor Carriage Company from 1901 to 1904. In the latter year he became associated with the Olds Motor Works in a designing capacity. He was chief engineer of the Olds Motor Works from early in 1907 until March 1, 1909. Mr. Dunham's success in the past as a designer of high-grade motor cars that gave satisfaction to their owners is the best proof that the Hudson "Twenty" will give satisfaction.

R. D. Chapin, Secretary—Mr. Chapin is treasurer and general manager of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company.

H. E. Coffin, Vice President and Chief Engineer of the Chalmers-Detroit Motor Company, is a member of the board of directors.

Hudson Motor Car Company Detroit, Mich.		Collier's Weekly
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Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

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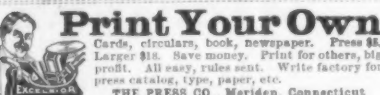
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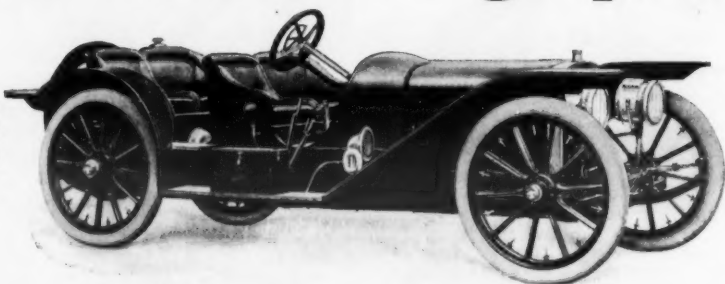


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First and finest of high priced cars

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Three years ago the name of the American Motor Car suggested little or nothing to your mind.

Now, whenever and wherever the finest and costliest cars are discussed, do you not hear its name inevitably linked with the elect?

It has come to pass that the choice of the discriminating few, who feel that they cannot afford to own cars of questionable qualities, is narrowed down to a trio or perhaps a quartette of cars. You will find that the American is unfail-

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The story of the development of the American since the first car was built five years ago; and especially the Aladdin-like progress of the past twelve months, reads almost like a romance.

It is so interesting and so instructive that we have been constrained to tell this story in booklet form.

The little book which describes in detail the high honors awarded the American in 1908 and 1909 is well worth writing for.

The 175 American cars delivered this season are owned by the representative men of their communities—men who will consider none but those few fine cars which can consistently lay claim to leadership

It will impress and interest those substantial owners in each town and city who want the very best to read the book, which describes the remarkable rise of the American in the esteem of expert buyers. They cannot fail, likewise, to be impressed with the character of ownership represented by this random list (necessarily limited by this limited space) of men who have bought American cars since the present season began:

B. L. WINCHELL, Chicago
ROBT. WOLSTENHOLME, Philadelphia
A. S. PILLSBURY, Minneapolis
GEO. H. LOUNSBURY, Duluth
FREDERICK K. BURNHAM, New York
W. H. AMES, Boston
JNO. H. AUFDERHEIDE, Indianapolis
J. P. ARTHUR, Waukegan
D. H. BAIN, Winnipeg
JULIUS H. BARNES, Duluth
DR. W. A. BROOKS, Jr., Boston
H. L. BEVERIDGE, Indianapolis
F. W. CLIFFORD, Minneapolis
D. S. CRITCHELL, Sioux City
E. W. DEMING, New York
W. H. DOBLE, Norfolk Downs, Mass.
N. A. GLADDING, Indianapolis
CHAS. A. HASKINS, Boston
M. HOLDERMAN, Fremont, O.
W. J. HOWARD, Columbia, Tenn.
C. W. HUBBARD, Jr., New York
N. W. JORDAN, Boston
C. J. LANE, Cleveland

Dr. H. D. LLOYD, Boston
JOS. LORBER, New Orleans
GEO. B. MARKEL, Connerville, Ind.
W. C. FIELDS, London
F. H. GAZZOLE, Chicago
T. MCGINLEY, Pittsburg
ARCHIBALD McNEIL, Jr., Bridgeport, Conn.
L. B. MILLIKAN, Indianapolis
JAS. R. MILLIKAN, Cincinnati
C. EDWIN MURRAY, Trenton, N. J.
VINTON PERIN, Cincinnati

LIEUT. POTTS, Washington, D. C.
JAMES H. PROCTOR, Topsfield, Mass.
J. E. RICHARDS, Philadelphia
WALTER SCHROEDER, Milwaukee
S. H. TRUITT, Philadelphia
A. C. VOLK, Duluth
J. D. WHEELAN, Dallas, Texas
GEO. UHLEIN, Milwaukee
F. E. WILBUR, Boston
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American Motor Car Co., Dept. M, Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A.



Prince Codadad

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By Maxfield Parrish

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7. The City of Brass
8. The King of the Black Isles
9. Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp
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11. The Valley of Diamonds
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FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirtieth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

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June 26

Collier's

Saturday, June 26, 1909



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Volume XLIII

Number 14

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirtieth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.80 a year.

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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 9

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You will readily appreciate that the money he receives from first sales will not cover his \$1,600 expenditure. He must have reorders to make a profit.

How does all this interest you as a reader? Just this way: You will not buy an article twice that has not given complete satisfaction. The article must be good and must come up to your requirements or you will not buy it again. The manufacturer must have your second and third and fourth orders if he expects to continue business. He is therefore compelled, if for no other reason than self-protection, to put quality—with a big "Q"—into his goods. You know his goods—his trade-mark. If the goods give

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Advertised articles, whether they be shoes, clothing, hats, shirts, or any other commodity, are your safeguard against poor merchandise. Manufacturers of shoddy goods cannot afford to continue advertising. They soon realize that they cannot secure reorders for unworthy goods.

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Manager Advertising Department

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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, June 26, 1909



England's Inevitable War

Armageddon is a strong, old Biblical word. It is the name of the plain where the Hebrews fought their great battles. Arthur Balfour sees England approaching an Armageddon in the North Sea which will settle the fate of the British Empire; Lord Rosebery says that Europe is drifting toward war without doubt, if without reason; Herbert Asquith cries to the Colonies for help.

Thus the only two ex-Premiers and the present Premier, the three most responsible statesmen in England, join their trumpetings of pessimism to the clamor of press and music hall. Lord Rothschild, England's greatest financier, has been quoted privately as in favor of striking Germany now. Britain's position will never be better. She must grow weaker while Germany grows stronger. The conflict is unavoidable. Therefore, have it while the chances favor victory.

"An Empire in a Fright" will be the first of two articles by Frederick Palmer, who has just returned from England and Germany. His view is that of a detached observer of the facts and the humors of both sides. Two great peoples are being set against each other like fighting terriers for a mill. To say a word in favor of a German or of German civilization in England almost amounts to treason.

Pounds and pence inspire the shouting. The Englishman is awaking to the fact that the Armageddon is well under way. For the first five months of 1909 British exports decreased \$69,119,405. Apprehension that a rival so successful in commerce may be equally successful in war keeps up the cry for more and more "Dreadnoughts," in which the Germans for their part join, with no disillusion in either country as to where the guns are to point.

The second article will be on "The March of the Germans." They laugh at the British panic. They are confident, sarcastic, and taunting. To every German the national objective is clear, and it is one of commercial self-interest. If England is in the way of the goose-step march, then England must fight. Germany believes that she has a system of education and industrial organization which ensures victory. It is this, as Mr. Palmer explains, which England lacks, and which every other nation must acquire if she would hold her own in the modern Armageddon.

Two Picturesque News Events

The Wright Brothers, who soared to fame after leaving Dayton, were heaped with honors and pelted with medals on their return. The celebration of June 17 was attended by all the noise in Ohio. It was a welcome of neighbors. The occasion will be completely pictured in Collier's next week.

The Cobe Cup Race, of the Chicago Automobile Club, last week caused a great whiz in the Middle West. A national levee of motorists gathered in to see the Cobe and Indiana Trophy cars lap the thirty-mile square—to skate the turns on one wheel, and climb through the air down the straight-a-ways.

The photographer was right where the dust was thickest, and in our next issue there will be published snapshots of "The Western Vanderbilt."

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The National Weekly



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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ROOM

June 26, 1909

A Matter of Personal Integrity

IN THIS COLUMN two weeks ago were printed the words, the places, and the days of those speeches in which WILLIAM H. TAFT, speaking to the people face to face, and asking them to vote for him, promised that if he were elected the tariff would be lowered. Those promises were surrounded with words of good faith, of personal assurance, of confidence solicited. Mr. TAFT, by his simplicity, by the atmosphere of rugged forthrightness which his person radiates, raised the situation to a plane where the promisee relies not only upon the words of his contract, but also on his faith in the honesty of men.

In the same column we printed those declarations made during the past few weeks by the three men most powerful in the Republican Senate machine, which indicate their determination *not* to revise the tariff downward. These three men speak for the Senate; their majority has been secure on every vote; what they have determined has been done.

To those three declarations we add herewith one more, which says again, on behalf of the Republican Senate majority, that the tariff is *not* to be revised downward; and adds to that declaration unconcealed contempt for President TAFT and his promises. These words were uttered by Senator WILLIAM B. HEYBURN on the floor of the Senate June 8 (Congressional Record, page 2950):

"This talk of being under obligations to revise the tariff downward came from somewhere; I do not know from where; from some political, I was going to say swamp, like a miasma. . . . It was a concession, a sop, thrown by those lacking in confidence to the voters whose support they thought they had to have. . . . There is nothing in the platform of the Republican Party which requires us, as suggested by the Senator from Iowa, to make any concession, because some one or many may have promised a revision downward."

Senator HEYBURN'S use of the plural pronoun is a slight concession to the amenities. By "those" he means WILLIAM H. TAFT.

We would not willingly seem to enumerate, as one reason why President TAFT should veto the tariff bill, personal resentment of the Senate's flouting of him and his promises. The situation involves human qualities of a far higher order. *Mr. Taft can make his promises good.*

Credit President Taft With This

A SINGLE GOOD APPOINTMENT is one thing; a permanent moral advance is another. To President TAFT and to Secretary NAGEL is due the credit of accomplishing both these effects in one act. Selecting WILLIAM WILLIAMS to be Commissioner of Immigration at New York City, as successor of the admirable humanitarian administration of ROBERT WATCHORN, and making this appointment against the protests of the Republican organization which demanded the job as one of its perquisites, marks the raising of that post to the class of offices which are to be filled, like the higher judgeships and a few other places, on a non-partizan basis, with an eye single to finding the man of maximum character and efficiency, willing to accept. We think that President TAFT, as he goes on, will increase the number of government positions of this kind, especially among the judgeships. Only a careless President, or one with conspicuously defective ideals, will ever lose the moral ground thus gained.

Lawyers and Courts

OF ALL THE COMMENT printed on this page none comes back with so large a harvest of indignation as what we say about courts. Lawyers and courts have, concerning themselves, something of the same feeling that the medieval church had and that RICHELIEU expressed: "Around her form I draw the awful circle." And yet the farther we go the deeper strikes the conviction that among a buzzing multitude of clamorous duties, good will best be served if first choice be made of the business of putting courts and judicial systems in the light. With this introduction we print a story:

FRED. WARNER was a notorious boodling alderman in St. Louis. Mayor WELLS heard of his soliciting bribes, laid a trap for him with five marked one-hundred-dollar bills, and caught him, with two others. That happened the night of October 18, 1907. The two others have had various adventures in the courts—we are interested in the fortunes of WARNER. He was tried once, and the result was a hung jury. He was tried again and convicted. His lawyer appealed the case to the Missouri Supreme Court. The result of that appeal we transcribe from the report printed in the Kansas City "Times" of May 18:

"The closing part of the indictment against WARNER reads: 'Contrary to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and

dignity of — State.' The word 'the' was left out of this last sentence, and the Supreme Court held, through an opinion filed by Judge GANTT and concurred in by the other members of the division, that the omission was fatal and at variance with the express provisions of the Constitution. As a consequence, the judgment of the trial court was reversed and the cause remanded for a new trial. This was the sole point in the case."

Our criticism, in this case is of the system, not the individual judges. As a St. Louis lawyer says: "One naturally feels like condemning the members of the Court for such slavish adherence to precedent, but, after all, they acted conscientiously, if not liberally. The Constitution is explicit in its definition of a sound indictment. It requires the indictment to contain the words, 'against the peace and dignity of the State.'" We content ourselves with stating the facts; and pass to the courts of another State.

California and the Southern Pacific

FOR CALIFORNIA, no remedy may be expected from the courts. That question has already been tested. The Southern Pacific dictates the nominations of the judges for the California Supreme bench, and, wherever it can, dictates as well the nominations of the local judges. The Southern Pacific Senators, FLINT and PERKINS, are in control of all Washington judicial appointments in which California is interested. Years ago California adopted a Constitution which had many popular provisions, but they have been reduced to a nullity by court decisions. One provision was this:

"Whenever a railroad corporation shall, for the purpose of competing with any other common carrier, lower its rates for transportation of passengers or freight from one point to another, such reduced rates shall not be again raised or increased from such standard without the consent of the governmental authority in which shall be vested the power to regulate fares and freights."

This is not the sort of thing that ought to be put in a Constitution, which should deal rather with general principles. But it was a pathetic attempt of the people to erect a permanent barrier against monopoly and provide against the seduction of future Legislatures by the railroads. But observe that, like the prescribed language for an indictment in the preceding editorial, it *was* in the Constitution. What happened? The San Joaquin Valley Railroad made a first-class passenger rate from San Francisco to Fresno of \$3.75. The Southern Pacific rate was \$5.90, but it met the San Joaquin Valley rate. Afterward, when the competition had ceased, the Southern Pacific went back to its old rate of \$5.90. Suit was brought to prevent this, and Judge BAHR of San Francisco decided against the railroad company. The Supreme Court reversed Judge BAHR. The Southern Pacific political machine failed to renominate Judge BAHR, and when Judge KERRIGAN tried the case the second time he in his wisdom decided it in favor of the railroad company. The Supreme Court sustained Judge KERRIGAN. They read out of the constitutional provision the very power which the people, in clear, direct language, had sought to put into it—and the decision was written by Judge BEATTY, the Chief Justice. The court decided that the San Joaquin Valley Railroad had no right to reduce its passenger rate, or at least no business, but that, having done it, the Southern Pacific simply did a praiseworthy act in protecting itself by lowering its rate to meet the unjust competition; that is to say, the Supreme Court invoked the doctrine of justifiable self-defense in favor of the Southern Pacific, and to do it wholly destroyed a constitutional provision. Its decision is amazing reading, as can well be imagined.

Women and Enthusiasms

BBETTER THAN SOCIAL WORKER, though her work is lasting, better than militant reformer, though her shrill crusade is often useful, are ways and works of the quiet-voiced unknown women. May their days be long in the land. These women go softly all their years, and only the census-taker hears their names. High are the virtues of the simple woman who is able to be glad when a new book by KIPLING is brought home, to find a keen pleasure in an afternoon's trolley excursion, one who is willing to go miles to hear a new lecturer, preacher, play. There is something momentarily attractive in the attitude of a man or woman who has tasted of so much experience as to be slightly tired and always aware of the next move. But live with one of them, and you will be inundated with fatigue and sadness. Each year men

like a little better in their friends a freshness of emotional life, a capacity for new enthusiasms, an unwearied and zestful approach to to-morrow and the next day. To reach life at many points of contact—all of them unfatigued and unsullied—that is more wonderful than to take cities or capture votes.

The Undergraduate and the "Grind"

THE NEW PRESIDENT of Harvard, in a recent article in the "Atlantic Monthly," points out some very interesting differences between the undergraduate attitude toward scholarship in English universities and in our own. When the English discovered the low state of scholarship among their students a hundred years ago, they resorted to frank competition. An elaborate system of honors and prizes grew up, and they succeeded in making honors not only a goal of ambition, but an object of general respect. Of course, there were protests that the Muses ought to be wooed for worthier motives, but, as President LOWELL observes, it is not our province to insist on an innate love of learning, but to make the most of human nature as it is and of young men as they are. And "Oxford and Cambridge men are firmly persuaded that success at the bar, in public life, and in other fields is closely connected with high honors at graduation, and the contest for them is correspondingly keen. The prizes and honors are made widely known. They are remembered throughout a man's life, referred to even in brief notices of him—much as his athletic feats are here—and they certainly do help him powerfully to get a start in his career. The result is that by the Isis and the Cam there is probably more work done in subjects not of a professional character than in any other universities in the world." In this country the undergraduate seems to feel that distinctions won in scholarship are a test of industry rather than of superior intellectual power. The term "grind" is applied with great impartiality to all high scholars instead of being reserved, as Dr. LOWELL thinks it was formerly—and as it certainly should be—"to a certain kind of laborious mediocrity." And this complicates the difficulty of stimulating scholarship by a mere resort to honors and prizes.

Altruism and Athletics

COMPETITION IN SCHOLARSHIP has, indeed, almost disappeared from our colleges because of the elective system, because final examinations measure diligence rather than intellectual power, and, interestingly enough, because "the corporate nature of self-interest in these latter times," as President LOWELL describes it, makes work for high scholarship seem mere striving for personal distinction. That is to say, the football man, risking his limbs in a glorious cause, placing his courage and devotion freely at the service of his Alma Mater, becomes an undergraduate hero; the honor man an egoistic "grind." Altruism is replacing the extreme individualism of our fathers. The successful half-back's glamour is not the mere glorifying of physical strength. The half-back "serves," and every one knows how much men are weighed in these days by their service—to city, State, and so on. Nor does Dr. LOWELL accept the vulgar judgment that young men naturally love ease and self-indulgence and will not work unless driven to it. As he ingeniously points out, if his students were told that two regiments were recruiting, one of which would be comfortably housed at Fortress Monroe, while the other would march through fire and pestilence, not a man would volunteer for the first, but the second would be quickly filled. The need, then, is to hit the undergraduate imagination; to convince the listless college boy that the intellectual power which he may acquire during his academic years is quite as important, if somewhat more subtle a thing, than the use of the tools of his trade which he learns afterward in a professional school. Just how this is to be done, Dr. LOWELL does not state in detail, but apparently implies that for the natural stimuli which operate so powerfully in the professional schools, some sort of external stimulus must be substituted in the college.

The Brewers

THE BREWERS HAVE MET in annual convention and pledged themselves to another year of the higher morality. Again they have pounded that prostrate wicked partner, the saloon-keeper. Forgetting the ties that bind him to them—the rent collector, the beer collector, and the brewery driver—they have delivered a few more well-aimed kicks at his bruised carcass. Shocked by his guilty performances, they make fists, they slap upon the wrist him whose license-money they advance, whose rent and profits they pocket, whose obscure life they worry and hound. Too well-bred to sneer, they have yet indulged in many a merry gibe at the stern figure of the anti-salooner, who lacks their jolly sense of life's lighter side. Then home, well-pleased, they turn. And yet to the perspicacious eye, behind all that open-mindedness and broad-gauge human manner of theirs, they move, a chastened lot, to a diminishing heritage. They are deferential where once they were masterful. They chat amiable nothings with a public whom aforesaid time they damned with no faint oaths.

Getting the Other Man's Point of View

WHILE NOT EXACTLY suffering from indigestion, the dove of peace yet finds many crumbs of comfort in these brotherly days. The recent "annual" of the college Cosmopolitan Clubs, published at the University of Wisconsin, is a fresh illustration of the popularity of

international neighborliness. There are Cosmopolitan Clubs now in most of the American universities and larger colleges, with an active membership of nearly one thousand undergraduates. They come from everywhere. Over fifty countries were represented. In this "annual," certainly one of the most interesting of innumerable books of the sort which sprout at Commencement time, are reports of the year's play and work. The Cornell Club describes its members "sitting in a great circle with a basket of apples in the centre, each one speaking from three to five minutes on such subjects as 'the greatest man of my country,' 'international boycott,' etc. They are about to build a \$25,000 clubhouse which will contain an auditorium, a dining-room, and dormitories for about thirty-six students. The Michigan chapter reports many interesting "national nights" at each of which the characteristics of the country chosen were discussed and illustrated. The make-up of the Wisconsin chapter is typical. Of the seventy-five members there are: From Argentina 1, Armenia 1, Brazil 1, Canada 1, China 7, Cuba 1, England 2, Germany 2, Hawaii 1, Holland 1, Jamaica 1, Japan 4, Mexico 7, Norway 2, Panama 1, Peru 1, Philippine Islands 8, Porto Rico 1, Rumania 1, Russia 4, Sweden 1, United States 25, Wales 1. It is a broadening experience for all these young men to get acquainted with each other. Is it too much to expect that out of that association something really practical may be accomplished for the cause of universal peace of which they write and talk with such ingenuous enthusiasm?

This Month

JUNE—WHEN THE FLITTING oriole draws a curve of gold among the trees, when wedding-bells peal, and school and college graduates front the world undaunted! In this month it seems as if all the immortal secrets of existence come closest to self-revelation. Life pervades everything. There is peculiar pathos in the fact that a great soul which has just passed beyond mortality should have expressed in words the thrill and mystery at which our halting pen is trying to hint. Of the first meeting of a certain youth and maid MEREDITH writes:

"Overhead solitary morning unfolded itself, from blossom to bud, from bud to flower; still delicious changes of light and color to whose influences he was heedless as he shot under willows and aspens, and across sheets of river reaches, pure mirrors to the upper glory, himself the sole tenant of the stream. Somewhere at the founts of the world lay the land he was rowing toward; something of its shadowed lights might be discerned here and there. It was not a dream, now he knew. There was a secret abroad. The woods were full of it; the waters rolled with it, and the winds. . . . So it was with the damsel who knelt there. The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird fluted, calling to her with thrice mellow note; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, seeking solitude; a boat slipped toward her containing a dreamy youth. . . . To-morrow this place will have a memory—the river and the meadow, and the white falling weir; his heart will build a temple here; and the skylark will be its high-priest, and the old blackbird its glossy-crowned chorister."

In such lyric prose speaks the great student of human nature, and symbolizes much of life in this picture of Lucy and Richard Feverel beside the weir. It all points to the same truth; that love and youth are two of the forces most potent in molding whatever is good and beautiful in this troublous life.

Firecrackers

THERE WAS SOMETHING alluring in the tightly packed Chinese parcel with its unintelligible characters in gold. As the package was opened the loose powder, black and red, spilled out. You wondered whether this loss would affect the intonation of the crackers. To unbraid them so that the stems would not pull out was a task, and it was here frequently that a girl came in handy. The punk was lighted, and the pungent odor somehow got into one's blood. In their dull-red coats, suggestive of festivity, they were like soldiers. They were like little grenadiers marching to war. They were like Chinese grenadiers with long, rat-like eues. They were marching away to be killed and horribly torn on the field of battle. Firecrackers are selfish enjoyments. If it is true that there are moments when one wants to be alone, Fourth of July morning is one of them. It is no fun when others shoot them off. Girls like to see you shoot them off, but not boys. Girls are afraid to shoot them off. They touch the punk to the tip-end of the fuse, and with a little scream fling the firecracker as far away from them as they can. It generally lands in the tall grass, and hardly ever goes off. It is only good then for a sizzler. The king, in his green coat, is supposed to explode the loudest. This must be a popular fallacy, for it most often happens that he is only a sizzler. The small boy has no use for sizzlers. They are like ill-humored cats spitting at you from the fence. They are like little green snakes spitting fire, hissing, and coughing out flames and sparks. The queens—they are the yellow ones—and, by the way, why are all firecracker monarchs polygamists?—generally go off with a bang. They snap as if they would like to take your head off. They are like a school-teacher when she is cross; an unpopular aunt with jumpy nerves. Of firecrackers which have lost their stems or otherwise proved disappointing you make sizzlers. It is best in doing this to arrange a cat-and-dog fight. Thus, they burn little holes in the front porch; little V-shaped black holes that can not be rubbed out. Others you fire off in guns or under tin cans. You tie three or four together by their eues and let them go. It is quite a debauch, though, to set off the entire bunch at once. The fun is over in a minute. It is most extravagant, but it gives you a thrill. One must have a good many bunches of firecrackers to do that.

Before the New Comet Came

Some Observations Concerning Its Preliminary Movements and Some Predictions as to Its Appearance and Conduct

JUNE 15, 1909.

By EDWIN FAIRFAX NAULTY

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A NEW comet has made its appearance in the heavens. It is a large one, and is, at the time this article is written, between the earth and sun, traveling toward the earth in an orbit at an angle with the orbit of the earth. The first report of the head of the comet was made by Dr. William Brooks of Hobart College, Geneva, New York, who saw it in the northeast in a line with the constellation of Pegasus, between two and three o'clock Monday morning, May 24.

Its "tail," so-called, I had previously noted on May 23, at 11.30 P. M. It was then perceptible as a faint "miliness" of several stars, almost in a line north of the center of the bowl of the Great Dipper. Since the time of its first observation, this new comet has completed its perihelion journey around the sun, and is now traveling between the earth and sun, and very nearly on a line with the earth at its present place in its orbit.

On June 14, at sunset, an observation in New York, latitude 40° north, disclosed the radiant point or head of the new comet 25° south of west and between 20° and 30° above the horizon. A later observation, made at eleven A. M., June 15, showed the head of the comet at that time to be positioned between the triangle formed by the head of Orion, the great star Sirius, and the constellation Columba. Both observations showed that the rays extending eastward were straight, while those extending westward had a pronounced curve, the whole bearing a striking resemblance to the head-dress of the Indian on a cent piece. Without doubt the coma rays of the new comet will be startlingly visible at the moment of total eclipse on Thursday, June 17, and it is more than likely, if the weather be clear, that the head itself will be visible.

From the way the rays lie, the probable path of the comet across the sky will be a line running from its present situation (on June 15) northerly through the heavens.

On May 27, at 12.15 A. M., I saw a great ray of coma light traverse the heavens through 120° of arc, which proves that the comet at that time began its actual journey around the sun, or its perihelion climax.

For two years prior to the appearance of this comet I had devoted special attention to the phenomena of comets. In April I became convinced that I had discovered their true nature. The discovery was completely made, reduced to writing, and actually formulated, the results being arrived at by pure reason, before May 23.

This discovery may be reduced to these axioms:

What Is a Comet?

COMETs are generally spherical bodies, of gaseous constituency, orbiting the sun at all angles and from all directions. They have axial revolution as well as orbital revolution, and are densest at center and most diffuse at circumference.

Comets act as great globular lenses, collecting, condensing, transmitting, deflecting, and reflecting sunlight, or the force that is apparent as sunlight.

This force we see only because between our eyes and the comet is interposed the atmosphere of the earth, which acts as another lens and causes visualization of that energy which is apparent to us as sunlight.

Beyond the earth's atmosphere there is no vision for human eyes; since light, or the energy that is expressed as light, is invisible at direct speed and only becomes visible when its speed is increased by deflection.

The major axis of a comet's "tail" always agrees with a visible continuation of its radius vectors.

On May 24 I bought some spheres and arcs of glass, to demonstrate the truth, which I had previously perceived. Going to the roof of my house, to make some experiments with these globes and hemispheres in the afternoon sunlight, and looking toward the west to ascertain the exact position of the sun, which was hidden by the roof of an adjoining building, I saw great streaks of light, whose radiant point, or place from where they seemed to come, was not coincident with the sun's position.

My first thought was that here was a comet, but it seemed too intensely dramatic that a comet should appear at this time in the sky, so I called my son and asked him what he saw. Without knowing what I meant, he described the very "streaks" in the sky that I had seen. That night I went to the roof of my house again to trace the comalight of this new comet to its source, but I could not see the head of the comet itself, which, at that time, was rapidly approaching the sun.

Every day and night since then, until the time of writing this, I have followed the great rays of comalight through the heavens, sometimes very faint, just at the limit of perception, and sometimes strongly marked and easily seen.

Early Evidences of the Comet

ON MONDAY, June 7, in New York, from a point east-northeast, appeared a great cone of comalight, very much like an open fan, the ends of the fan spread at an angle of 120°, or two-thirds of the visible heavens. The central rays of light extended across the zenith. This appearance was observed also by Drs. Hood and Frank, two opticians, by Mr. Sarver, the editor of a New York newspaper, and by Mr. Armstrong, the last from a point in the Singer Building tower.

During the week of June 14 I noted many appearances of the comalight from the new Brooks comet both by day and night.

There will be no doubt about the presence of the new comet on Thursday, June 17, when, at sunset, will occur an eclipse of the sun.

On the night of the eclipse of the moon, June 3, I

Phenomena That May Be Observed During the Passage of the Comet Across the Heavens

THE explosion of great powder works, chemical laboratories, gas tanks, and naphtha tanks, from unexplainable causes.

Heavy rains and fogs, followed by clear bright weather, such as occurred in the early days of June.

Plural shadows of human beings and all dense objects.

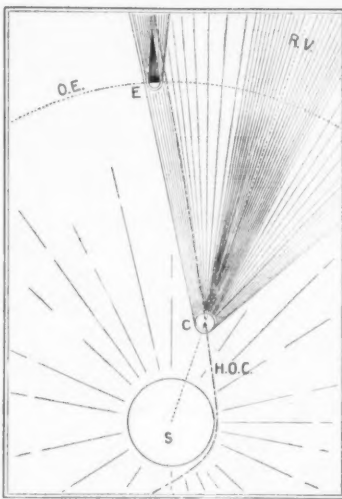
Plural perception of all bodies and objects.

Prismatic fogs in which buildings will appear to be in flames. Vertiginous shadows, which will flicker and waver.

Mirages of all magnitudes. Earth tremors.

Prismatic illumination of either the earth's umbra or penumbra, or both, in which case great rainbow rays appear to rise from the horizon to the atmospheric nadir point by day. Auroras at every point of the compass.

An unsettled state of weather, when the barometer does not agree with the apparent cloudiness.



Effect of Comalight on the Earth

S is the Sun, showing solar radiance in all directions. C is the new comet having passed around the sun, now on its journey away from the sun. H. O. C. is hyperbolic orbit of comet. R. V. is radius vector, or line joining center of comet to center of sun. O. E. is earth's orbit. E is the earth, showing lighted hemisphere, dark hemisphere, umbra or shadow, and penumbra or almost a shadow. Although H. O. C. appears to pass close to the earth, the orbit of comet and earth's orbit are at angles, and do not lie in same plane. The left angle of comalight surrounds the earth, penetrating the penumbra, but not strong enough to penetrate the umbra. The comet is moving toward the earth now, but the earth is also moving in its orbit at 66,000 miles an hour.

A Strange Comet-like Object Observed in the Eastern Sky

By WILLIAM R. BROOKS,

Professor of Astronomy, Hobart College

ON THE early morning of May 24 I observed a very strange object in the eastern morning sky. It had the appearance of a gigantic naked-eye comet, and was so bright as to illumine the atmosphere. The time of observation was from two to three o'clock. When first discovered the object was in the middle of the great square of Pegasus, a conspicuous constellation at this time of year in the eastern morning sky. The square is formed by the well-known stars Beta, Markab, Algenib, and Alpheratz, the latter star really being in the constellation Andromeda.

The tail of the object stood parallel with the eastern and western sides of the great square, and hence at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. The rounded head of the object was of great size, while the tail stretched upward toward the north celestial pole, reaching at one time to the chair of Cassiopeia. A remarkable feature was the uniform and rapid motion of the object, which was nearly eastward or toward the sun. Shortly after two o'clock it occupied the middle of the square of Pegasus. A quarter of an hour later the head enveloped the star Algenib, giving the appearance of a stellar nucleus. By three o'clock, the head had reached the eastern horizon, and the great tail was soon lost to view in the rapidly advancing dawn.

While this strange celestial visitor bore some resemblance to an auroral streamer, it, however, differed from it in many respects. The form was in just the reverse position of a streamer from the aurora, and the fluctuation of both light and position was lacking, and, besides, no other auroral effects were in evidence in any part of the sky. The object maintained its form throughout the entire apparition, and its steady eastward motion was most impressive. If the object was really a comet it must have passed very near to the earth. I consider the reappearance of the object very uncertain.

JUNE 12, 1909.

observed most unusual light effects, not, as I had anticipated, through the shadow or the umbra of the earth, but on the penumbra of the earth, after the moon had emerged from the umbra, or shadow, and the eclipse was over. At the extreme limit of vision (and what I mean by the extreme limit of vision is the perception required by a sharp-eyed person to see, with the naked eye, a star of the seventh magnitude many extraordinary manifestations of the presence of the comalight entirely around the earth were apparent.

On the morning of June 4, when Mars rose, instead of being its usual ruddy color, it was a very faint bluish-white, and looked more like the star Vega than Mars. This was due to the fact that the comalight from the comet extended from the head of the comet at that time beyond the earth and to Mars, then over sixty millions of miles away from the earth.

Relying upon my study and experience, I pointed out certain phenomena that should follow the appearance of the new comet. Two sets of light rays—one radiating from the sun, and the other, deflected sunlight, radiating from the gaseous head of a comet—meeting at angles varying from acute to obtuse are bound to produce results. The most obvious is an unsettled state of the weather. Prismatic effects, plural shadows, mirages, and the multiplication and intensification of auroral and zodiacal lights are logical consequences. Other things—unaccounted-for explosions, for instance—may follow. It must be remembered that the heads of comets are gaseous bodies, which are, in effect, huge celestial lenses. They condense, transmit, refract, deflect, and reflect the radiance of the sun's light. The earth's atmosphere tremendously affects the results, refractions, reflections, and other phenomena.

Comets' "tails," "beards," and "wings" have always been a great puzzle, but the explanation of these various appearances is, after all, very simple. The heads of comets are generally spherical bodies of gaseous constituency. Any one of these gaseous globes, traveling in space in an orbit around the sun, acts as a great lens, and the "tails" of comets are really long shafts of transmitted, or slightly deflected, sunlight, passing through the outer and more diffuse parts of a comet.

The Heads and Tails of Comets

THE "envelopes" of comets are really the meridian lines of high illumination, by the sun, of the outer portion of the comet. Where more than one "envelope" is observed, this is due to variation in density of the gas in the head of the comet. Sometimes the gas lies in strata, and each strata reflects light of itself. If the comet's path is in line with the earth, or if their orbits agree, the "envelope" of a comet will appear, not as a half-circle, but as an elongated ellipse. A dime first held at right angles with the eye, and then turned until it is almost flat with the eye, will show this clearly, the milled edge of the dime representing the meridian line of light, which, in so far as the comet or any body in the solar system is concerned, always agrees with the equatorial line of high illumination on the sun.

The "beards" of comets, so-called, are, really, light reflected back to the sun from the illuminated hemisphere of the comet. The "wings" are really rays of light deflected from the sphere of the comet at the same angle at which they enter. The curved "tails" of comets are explained by the fact that we see these "tails" through the globular shell of atmosphere surrounding the earth, but only through 120 degrees, so that the atmosphere becomes a convex lens. You take a convex lens, place it in front of your eye, and look through it at a straight line; that straight line follows the curve of the lens and appears to be a curve equal to that of the lens. Where comets' "tails" appear curved, it is due to the fact that they lie along the lens, or with their axes in the same direction as the chord of the arc, but when straight lie obliquely, so that you look along the line instead of across it, and the light or line appears straight.

The new comet is a good example of this, for its comalight comes to us, as I am writing this, at such an angle that its lines of light appear perfectly straight. When the new comet's head appears above the horizon the comalight will appear fan-shaped, but with straight rays, later probably changing to curved rays. The larger the comasphere, or head, of the comet is, the more diffuse will be the light reflected by it; the smaller the comet, the sharper will be the pencil of light, modified in appearance in both cases, by the orbit of the comet, and its distance from the earth at the time we see it.

Analogy of a Comet's Tail

LET me explain in this way. Suppose a great searchlight were mounted on the Capitol at Washington and you stood at the White House, and the searchlight were turned at right angles; if it were a powerful condensing searchlight, you would see a great shaft of light stretching straight away in the heavens. If, on the other hand, you were standing half-way down Pennsylvania Avenue, the pencil of light would become a great cone-shaped ray, and if you again moved your position, so that you were close to the searchlight, it would then appear as a wider cone, because you would only see a portion of the light. Variations of this will readily explain variations in comalight from comets.

In considering all effects of light, it must be remembered that light is visible only because its speed is increased by deflection in our atmosphere. Without the atmosphere we could not see. The outer circumference of our atmosphere is globular; therefore, any section of it must be convex, thus affecting our vision of celestial objects. Stars and planets, being points and disks, are not affected, long rays of comalight are.



Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Memphis, Tenn., June 7-10

A picturesque and striking incident of the parade of June 10 occurred when General Clement A. Evans, commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veterans, rode out of line as he came to the grand stand and shook hands with General Frederick Dent Grant, U.S.A., who was reviewing the procession. Thousands of people packed the city to watch the military and civic parade, in which were many decorated cars filled with pretty Southern girls—One of the lower pictures shows the unveiling of the Southern Cross at the Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, June 6

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They drive the finest horses in the Far West

The Guest That Tarried

The Vagabond and Dreamer, Who Heard the Call of Manhood

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

Illustrated by
MAYNARD DIXON

"She's the darlin' of the parish, she's the pride of Inniskillen;
'Twould make your heart lep up to see her trippin'
down the glen;
There's not a lad of life and fame that wouldn't take
her shillin',
And inlist inside her service: did ye hear her laughin'
then?"

"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that
Clancy married?
Ah, darlin', how ice footed it—the grass it was so
green!
And when the neighbors wandered home, I was the guest
that tarried—
An hour plucked from Paradise: come back to me,
Rosleen!"

"Across the seas, beyond the hills, by lovely Inniskillen,
The regiment come marchin'—I hear the call once more:
Shure, a woman's but a woman—so I took the Sergeant's
shillin',
For the pride o' me was hurt: shall I never see her
more?"

"She turned her face away from me, and black as night
the land became,
Her eyes were jewels of the sky, the finest ever seen;
She left me for another lad, he was a lad of life and
fame,
And the heart of me was hurt: but there's none
that's like Rosleen!"

AS SOFT rain was falling, but, seated on the stump of a maple which had furnished part of the late winter's firewood, the singer took no notice. His leather jacket, made for him by one whose eyes were not so bright as those of Rosleen of Inniskillen, had resisted many a heavier storm than this, and his face was turned to the south, whence the spring seemed to come—the smell and the sweet sting of it making the sap of life flow eagerly in the veins of the winter-folk, stirring the flood of old memories, turning the sods of new dreams. Even the eyes of this incorrigible idler in a land of buoyant activities had warmed to the vibrant life which was pouring its desire into the womb of May. They shone with the potential power of unused and ample manhood. His voice, as he sang, had the pulse of a regiment marching—a phenomenon with one to whom the world was but a poorhouse, supported by those foolish multitudes who toiled from morn till eve for bread or fame. He had got bread and a good deal else without labor, and he had achieved fame, too—as the most useless white man from the forty-ninth parallel to the magnetic pole.

As he steeped himself in the luxury of vocal sentimentality, his face was turned away from the small house on the knoll above the little maple and poplar wood, toward the prairie breaking into green over a score of miles to the south. Who could have thought from his careless air and his still more careless song that—or was there, then, his tragedy in the song: a manhood not strong enough to take the adverse fate which had attended the life of his emotions? The careless lilt of the song had, however, a wealth of melody and sweetness which betokened something underneath, if perhaps that something was only a touch of temperament in the body of a vagabond, and the song itself only a luxury of that temperament. But who could have thought from the careless air and the apparently careless song that there was dark trouble, maybe deep tragedy, in the little house behind him, and that he was aware of it? As he finished the song, repeating the last verse twice—

"And the heart of me was hurt: but there's none that's like Rosleen!"

the face of a man, a young, bearded, keen-eyed man, appeared at the window of the house behind him. It was the Young Doctor who had lately come to Askatoon.

"How many years, you say?" he asked of a woman standing beside him, and nodding toward the singer.

"Fifteen years, doctor."

"He's no relation?"

"None. He's Irish and we're Irish, that's all."

"How did he come to plant himself on you?"

"Well, you see, doctor, it was pourin' wet, that day, fifteen years ago, an' he just stepped in out o' the rain!"

The Young Doctor turned and looked at her closely, reflectively. Was she mocking him, trying to be humorous, with this dismal tragedy behind them in a darkened room where two people lay stricken and beaten—flotsam of fate left to the sport of the monstrous sea of pain and helplessness? But he was Irish, too, this son of Esculapius, and the years he had spent in this new land had not dimmed or smothered that flickering fire, that fantastic glow of wit and humor, that quivering presence, like an unmaterialized spirit, which turns real life into the paradoxical and the grotesque in the Emerald Isle. As her words fell on his ear, and he looked at her, he was back again by Inniskillen, among the cabin folk, the barefooted, barelegged girls, with the flying hair, the creamy cheeks, and the wild glances of the eye. He was back among all the elements of superstition and poverty and tradition, where heart and head were in constant contradiction; where the heart seemed spontaneous and was only calculating; where the head seemed deliberate and tyrannical and was only spontaneous; where the pity and beauty and falsehood and disloyalty and comradeship and clanship, with treachery and bad faith went hand in hand; where love, chastity, and a sweet bodily morality were linked with drink and boycott and cattle-driving and the murder of landlords; where political immorality went cheek by jowl with financial good faith and reliability; where men cried out like martyrs for a free Ireland, and called settlers from the next county foreigners—he knew it all. And he had left it all, because the old estate was long since sacrificed, with scarce enough remaining to keep above the poverty-line his sister and mother and a futile uncle, whose only use had been to keep the peasants and the small farmers in good-humor by his dry wit and homely humor, saving his people from evil treatment when other landlords barricaded their households and never ventured forth without a firearm. Yes, he knew it all, and this woman's unintended, arid humor threw him back again into that land which has given more exiles to the world than she has people starving in her homes or lying in her churchyards.

"Oh, he just stepped in out of the rain, did he, fifteen years ago?" he rejoined meditatively to the woman.

"That's a long time. But it's been dry since!"

"Twas the luck o' heaven that whinever he wint out to take the road again, it began to rain—there, 'tis rainin' hard now, and him out in it, coaxin' death onto him!"

The Young Doctor's face suddenly twitched with a laughter which seemed uncontrollable. Then he recovered himself. It would not have been seemly to guffaw, with that tragedy in the dark behind; and, besides, it would have offended and shocked greatly the woman whose face was drawn with trouble and clouded by anxiety; though, as she spoke now, a light came over it which seemed stolen from a world with which she could have no part.

"How old are you?" the Young Doctor asked curiously, but with his face turned toward the bedroom where a woman's voice was sobbing softly and a man's voice was speaking in gentle wheedling tones.

"I'm thirty-one," she said with a toss of her head; and by that the Young Doctor knew beyond peradventure that she loved the man outside, for she was forty-one, if she was a day.

"And what for d'ye ask? Couldn't ye tell by lookin' at me teeth?" she added maliciously.

She showed her teeth not unpleasantly, and she could have no reason to regret doing it, for they were her best feature, as fine and even and white and beautiful a set of teeth as ever woman had.

"The teeth are twenty-one," he answered gallantly.

Something like a smile played at her lips, and lakes of light suddenly flooded her eyes. How far can not a woman go, and what hard roads can she not travel with a word of flattery in her ears and a little bread of praise in her wallet! The Young Doctor suddenly had a revelation on this matter. He had known it somewhat in-

definitely in the past, but now the lesson was set down on the everlasting tablets of life.

"Now is a lie like mine any better than a lie like hers?" he asked himself. "And yet, my little lie will stiffen her back to the heavy task she has before her; and if I say it often enough, she'll die with a smile on her lips, breaking down 'neath the load of it all. Seein' the weakness of human nature, isn't lyin' a virtue of an exalted kind betimes?"

Suddenly his face grew very grave, and he looked at her fixedly and very sorrowfully, for skilful as he was his skill had not so far blinded him to that which could not be healed or helped by skill.

"What for d'ye look so sharp at me?" she asked a little flutteringly, as though he was repenting what he had said to her about her teeth, and the thought of it made her weak at the knees.

"You have the teeth of twenty-one," he answered slowly, "and the light in your face is that of a girl steppin' home along the road down by Tralee—steppin' home from school. Faith, I hope your heart is as young, for there's stiff work before you—bitter stiff work to your hand." He glanced toward the bedroom door, through which came only the man's voice now, pleading and kind.

A flush of pride stole over her face. The lines in it softened, and some of them stole away altogether. Never did liar reap so fine a crop of honest flowers from the seeds of false weed sown. Then a look of firmness and resolve came into her face, and courage seemed to make sacred the pride and vanity of it.

"There's a dark road ahead, I know," she said. "But 'tis me own that I'll work for, and that must be cared for; and, God's love! but the back will not break nor the hand go palsy."

The Doctor's eyes rested for a moment on the man without, whose voice still told the rain and the world of spring of Rosleen of Inniskillen, then they turned gently and inquiringly upon the woman.

"Your father may get well perhaps, but it will be slow, and he can't help himself much"—he nodded toward the other room—"but 'tis a kind man, and—"

"'Tis the kindest iver was—wid no whisky in the house. Wid the book of Isaiah and 'Burke of Ours' and the other tales of Mr. Lever he's contint. He was a schoolmaster in Ireland, at Malahide, it was. The kindest iver was and the best—widout the drink."

"Well, he will make it as easy for you as he can; but she—your mother—can't make it easy, no matter how she tries. She can only move one arm, and even that may go with the rest—but, there, we'll hope for the best. She has to be lifted often and often, and you can't do it alone. Besides, it's a night and day business. Is there no sister, or aunt, or cousin—?"

"There's no one at all, at all, of women folk. We were five—father and mother, the two b'ys, and meself. Terry, he's gone this fifteen year. Left us one day after a shindy—father'd been drinkin', an' he laid hands on Terry, and Terry flew off like a colt with the bars down. Did ye iver see a horse gone mad and wild, and runnin' over the long road from Connemara to Galway maybe? Shure, that was Terry. All temper and spunk and divilry, an' could do annything wid his hands or his head. Nothin' was too hard for him. Many and many a time he used to help the schoolmasters out with the algebray and the gaymometry—as aisy as flyin' to a bird, it was to Terry. But he wint; and he niver looked back, or sint word, or give a sign. Ah, Lord, Lord, he was the pick o' the posy, wild as he was. And cruel, too, he was in goin', for him and her"—a hand flung toward the bedroom door—"was niver the same after Terry wint."

Her eyes filled with tears, which she dashed away, and her face turned to the man without. "Twas a week after Terry wint, he came. He'd seen Terry down by the new railway, and they'd been drinkin' together, and whin he stepped in out o' the rain, 'twas like a link with Terry, for he'd seen him since we had, and—"

Suddenly she opened the front door and put her head out.

"Come in out o' the rain, Nolan," she said sharply.

"Tis growin' weather," said Nolan over his shoulder at her, but not looking toward her.
 "You've got your growth—come in," she urged.
 "When the doctor's gone, I'll come," he answered, and went on humming to himself:

*"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that
 Clancy married?
 Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so
 green!
 And when the neighbors wandered home, I was the
 guest that tarried—
 An hour plucked from Paradise: come back to me,
 Rosleen!"*

The Young Doctor intervened. He touched her arm peremptorily. "Come in," he said. "What's your name?" he added, as she shut the door with a sigh.

"Me name's Miss Brennan," was the stiff reply. Who was he to command her and to question her?

"That's a woman's name. What's yours as they call you, girl?" . . . Girl! Oh, deceitful human nature—the black hypocrite! Yet, he had lived in the snakeless land of the broken harp and the shattered oath, and he knew—he knew!

"Norah's me name," she answered him softly, for he had got into the softest corner of her nature. Surely there was no trouble too big to be borne, even with the stricken ones yonder, and poverty so deep, and Terry gone, and—

"You've told me about Terry, but what of the other?"

"Shannon's carting over against Askatoon. He'll be back to-night. Ah, that's a man for all the year, is Shannon, drivin', drivin', drivin'—at four dollars a day."

"Why isn't he a farmer, with land so cheap and plenty?" He waved an arm round the circle of the horizon.

"That's how we started—farmin'; but after Terry levanted everything wint wrong, and then the land wint by and by, and only the horses and the two wagons was left, a hay-wagon wid a rack and a grain-wagon wid a box."

"It's a struggle to live then?"

"There's only Shannon's four dollars a day and the garden. Father had a job on the new railway—away all week and back on Saturdays, two dollars a day it was. But that's over now." Her face turned sympathetically toward the bedroom.

"And him—Nolan—what else—?"

"Nolan Doyle's his name."

"And Nolan Doyle—what does he do?" He knew well what he did not do, for the fellow's discreditable fame needed no special revelation. It was common knowledge: he was a loafer, a vagrant, and a pauper in a land of work and action.

"Shure, there's the garden stuff to be pulled, and there's food to be got in the city"—a village of one thousand people is a "city" in the West—"and there's prairie-hens to be shot, and fish to be caught, and— and all that, doctor dear."

"Four dollars a day won't be enough." He glanced toward the bedroom door again. "You'll need help for the sick-room and for the housework, and help out here is expensive."

"I'll do it meself, or die," she responded stubbornly. "It'd be hard on the sick ones if you should die," he rejoined pointedly. "There's no glory or gain in that. What's all the world to a man when his wife's a widow!" they say on the prairies, and they're right. It's an expensive business, Norah, girl."

Her eyes contracted and expanded, expanded and contracted. Was he anxious about being paid then? But he had called her "Norah, girl!" and she grew younger every minute, braver and younger and stronger.

They heard a noise behind them, and turned quickly. The old schoolmaster stood in the door, his gray hair tumbled, his body bent almost double, but his eyes bright, feverishly bright. He had heard something of what they had been saying.

"The Lord will provide," he said tremblingly. "He sent the ravens to feed Elijah. There was manna in the desert. The widow's cruse of oil did not fail—oh, ye of little faith! . . . ah, doctor dear—!"

They were beside him now, lifting him back to his bed. "Lave Nolan alone," he whimpered. "Tell him to step in out of the rain, Norah darlin'!" . . .

As they laid him down, he murmured the name of the boy who had fled from his hand and his fury fifteen years ago. "Terry—Terry—Terry!" he said pleadingly, as it were to God above, for Terry had been the apple of his eye, in spite of all.

A few moments later the Young Doctor was out in the rain, now diminishing to a fine mist, making his way to Nolan Doyle. Still the voice kept dreaming of Inniskillen far away and all that was done and left undone by Rosleen—

*"Across the seas, beyond the hills, by lovely Inniskillen,
 The regiment come marchin'—I hear the call once
 more:
 A woman's but a woman—so I took the Sergeant's
 shillin'.*

*For the pride o' me was hurt: shall I never see
 her more?"*

"Why not go back to Inniskillen, where you'd have a chance of seein' her? Do you expect her to come to you?" said the Young Doctor.

There was cold irony in his tone, and Nolan, who had begun the next verse, stopped short. For an instant he did not move or turn his head or make reply. His senses seemed arrested. His eyes half-closed, as though

in sulky meditation—or was it an effort at memory, for the Young Doctor's voice had struck strangely on his ear. They had never met or seen each other since the Young Doctor came to Askatoon.

"Inniskillen's the place for you, my man. You'd not be a *rara avis* there. Here you are a *rara avis*, and you're not popular."

"I'd be what I was before, and it wasn't a *rareravis* ayther," said Nolan, still without looking up, though the Young Doctor now stood almost in front of him.

"And what were you before then?" asked the Young Doctor.

"As good a man as anny—barrin' one, an' he was a lad of life and fame."

"What did you do for a living?"

"What does anny one do for a living in Ireland?"

"Why don't you do it here?"



"Me name's Miss Brennan," was the stiff reply. Who was he to question her?

"Where's the peat to cut here?"

"There's land to plow, man."

"Where'd I be larnin' to plow?"

"How did you learn to cut peat?"

"That's born wid ye; ye don't larn it."

"I heard you singing, as I came out, about a lad that took the Sergeant's shillin'. It's a pity you're not young enough to do the same, and make a man of yourself."

"Well, why didn't it make a man o' me—if it didn't; an' by the sour speech of ye, ye're thinkin' it didn't?"

"You took the shillin'? You were in the army?"

Suddenly Nolan got to his feet, for the first time looked the Young Doctor in the eyes, and saluted. "I was helpin' hold the pass beyond Peshawur when you was ridin' the gray mare barebacked round the Bantrim Ridges. There was work doin' then beyond Peshawur. You're a doctor now, savin' a man or two here and there; I was a soldier then helpin' save the English pride—and that's life or death to millions from Rosslare to Gravesend."

The Young Doctor's eyes opened wide, and he stood astonished and inquiring. "You came from Inniskillen then—the song you sang . . . !"

"Oh, the song—well, can't the truth be told in a song annyhow?"

"It is your song—your words—you made it?"

"Shure, it's aysier than cuttin' peat or stalkin' Afghans."

"And who was Rosleen—ah, was it then Rosleen Dennis from under Calladen Hill?"

The eyes of the vagrant grew brighter, and he threw his head back, as though his thick waving hair was in his eyes—as he had been wont to do as a boy when he wore no hat or cap, and his hair was the pride of his life.

"The same, sir. And I saw her kiss you once. You was but twelve years old then, and she was 'most a woman grown. 'Twas hard by Calladen Wood, where the red cross stands."

"But your name—Nolan Doyle?"

"Me name then was Phelan Fane."

"Phelan Fane—ah, now I remember! You joined the Devil's Own, and went to India with Lord Harry Nolan as your colonel?"

"And Captain Doyle was adjutant, sir."

"Why did you change your name?" He looked at the other suspiciously.

"I deserted."

"A deserter, too! Why did you desert? How many years had you put in?"

"Six and a half—sivin was me time. I deserted, because I had a friend in the same regiment, and he killed a man—oh, a damned villain he was, that man! And I'd rather desert than swear false upon the Book before the Judge. For, God help me, I saw the man killed wid me own eyes, and I was the only one that did, and if I'd spoke the truth . . . !"

"And your friend?"

"Shure, how could they hang him, when the evidence was gone away into the wide world—flyin' and flyin', and flyin' twinty thousand miles away?"

"Aren't you afraid to tell me this? . . . The arm of the law is long; years do not count when crime's been done. The law goes on and on and on, no matter how far you be flyin'."

"Hush! Arrah—hush! I'd never be thinkin' that one from Inniskillen would betray me. D'ye mind the day twinty-two years ago I filled y'r basket with fish y' didn't catch y'rself? And 'twas not aisy fishin' yander. Betray me! Shure, wan that's been kissed by Rosleen Dennis—is it that y'd have me think?"

"Rosleen Dennis!" The Young Doctor looked at him queerly, hesitated a moment, and then added: "Have you heard of Rosleen since then—how many years ago?"

"Oh, twenty-one years, and niver word of her. Shure, she wint with Michael Kelly, a lad of life and fame—wint to the altar wid him. But the day that Clancy was married I—"

As though oblivious of the other's presence he began to sing again:

*"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day
 that Clancy married?" . . .*

His eyes were fixed on the eastern horizon where the light of the sun was breaking through the gray sky, a soft joyous radiance; and, overhead, a great rainbow drew its band of gorgeous ribbon athwart the heavens.

"Dreamer—sentimentalist! But there's something in him somewhere," murmured the Young Doctor to himself. "Poor devil, let him have his memory. I'll not tell him what happened to Rosleen. . . . And a damned clever song, too, as good as Tom Moore might have written! Oh, there is something in him! He deserted to save a friend. He's gallant and generous, too. He speaks of Michael Kelly as a lad of life and fame—the dirty dog of a buccaneer! Well, we'll see if what's left is as good as what once was, as far as it goes."

As Nolan Doyle ceased singing, breaking off abruptly, and sank back upon the stump, whispering to himself, the Young Doctor came close to him and put a hand upon his shoulder.

"You needn't have any fear, man, though Lord Harry Nolan was my uncle, and is still alive; and Adjutant Doyle is now commanding the troops in Canada—he was only fifty miles from here last week. I'll not give you away. But in return—"

"Must there be a bargain? Can't ye do it for its own sake—or for the sake of Inniskillen?"

"Quite right, quite right, Phelan."

The man started up. "Phelan! Is that the way you'll be kapin' me secret? Need I have told you? Didn't I trust you? Oh, wurra, wurra!"

"And quite right again, Nolan Doyle. 'Tis a good name you've taken; of two unwilling godfathers, as fine men as ever gave glory to Ireland. 'Tis a better name than you've sluffed. Now, here then. We've been palaverin' of Inniskillen and of you that's of no account—for is a man of any account that lives on bread he doesn't earn, and doesn't own?" His voice grew stern. "I'm ashamed of you, Nolan Doyle. I thought you a fine fellow over beyond the seas, when you filled my basket with fish, and when you beat them all, tossin' the stone in William Conner's yard."

"Oh, you remember that—the stone-throwin'! Shure, now, I recall ye sittin' on the gray mare watchin' us! She could take a fence in her day, the gray mare—"

"Never mind about the gray mare. You've lived on Larry Brennan and his family ever since you stepped in out of the rain fifteen years ago."

"And there's been a dale of rain since—and the deep snow that makes rain."

"Oh, have done, you idle gossoon! You're no better than a leech. As fine and handsome a fellow as you—"

Doyle spat upon the ground. "That for me looks!" he said. "Michael Kelly—"

"Damn Michael Kelly! Have done with all that. Man, it's over twenty years, and nothing's the same as you left it yonder. All's changed, and your song can't set it right. Have done with it. We're here to-day on the prairies in another life. You've been livin' in a dream; come out of it. You've moved from eighteen to near forty years of age since you joined the Devil's Own. There's no going back. There's sorrow here in the little house. There's terrible sickness. Mrs. Brennan is paralyzed, and the poor old man—"

"I know. Shure, I know."

"Then what you are going to do—?"

"Shure, I came out here in the rain to think it over. 'You're not to be trusted in the rain. 'Tis your habit to take shelter, and food, and bed, and friendship, and all the heart a woman can give—"

Doyle stood up and put out a hand. "If the place had been mine, and Terry Brennan or Shannon had stepped in, they could have stayed and welcome. But that's no matter. I—"

"I want to know what you mean to do, Doyle," the Young Doctor interrupted. Then he hastily drew a picture of the dark days ahead; of the misery and trouble and awful hardship, and the sickening burden which must fall upon the shoulders of Norah Brennan; of the killing expense, and only Shannon's four dollars a day to meet it. There must be help for Norah. There must be some one to nurse and some one to help in the house, and all—a tale which grew more somber as it went on. Once or twice Doyle closed his eyes for a minute, as though to shut out the picture. When, at last, the Young Doctor had finished, and stood with a look of inquiry on his face, the clear eyes of the vagabond looked into his own with all the turbid emotions, and vague, useless dreams, and fifteen years' stagnation gone from them, and the deserter from the Devil's Own said slowly:

"I'm goin' to help."

"What are you going to do?"
 "To nurse them—in there," he answered.
 "You—nurse?"

"Could I earn as much as two hospital nurses'd want pay for? What can I do—a peat-cutter and a soldier? But I can nurse. Didn't I nurse a dozen b'ys that was struck wid fever in Injy? Have I a gift? Shure I have. I'll be two nurses yander—night and day. She's been a mother to me—Mrs. Brennan, an' the old man always sayin', 'The Lord will provide,' and believin' in the manna, and Elijah's ravens, and the widow's cruse of oil, and all the rest. I lost me own mother when I was nine, and she's been like a mother to me. God save me, but I'll wait on her like a son."

"There's things a man can't do—nursing." The Young Doctor could scarcely take it in. It was unlike what he had expected.

"There's nothing a man can't do for his mother."

"There's Miss Brennan, a young woman— You alone with her in the house! Do you think—?"

Nolan Doyle's face flushed. "God forgive ye!" he said. "And you an Irishman, an' from Inniskillen! The cabins are small in Ireland, and there's a dale o' propinquity bewhiles, for poverty makes small rooms, and there's many slape in one room, but Irishwomen and Irishmen—!"

The Young Doctor suddenly caught the vagabond's arm. "That's all right, Doyle. Say no more. I apologize. If you mean it—"

"I'm going to pay for the last fifteen years' bed and bread," he said.

"Are you sure they'll—"

"Lave it to me. Mrs. Brennan's glad to have me by her. She says it kapes her from frettin' too much about Terry."

"And I suppose Terry was a waster."

"Terry? Terry was a man, ivry inch of him. He was as good as you an' two of you. Wid a head—ah, sure he had a head!"

"Very well. Settle it in your own way. But if you are going to nurse these old people—I warn you 'twill be a heavy job, a dismal and weary task!—then listen to me, Nolan Doyle, and hearken hard to what I say, and take note of what's to be done, and how it's to be done, and—"

II

AND it was so. As he said he would, Nolan Doyle laid himself out to pay for the bed and bread he had had over fifteen years. The summer came, and the autumn, the former and the

later rain, falling on the just and the unjust, the snows of winter, the inexorable frost, with all the bitter outhouse tasks—the wood to cut and carry, the water to fetch, the wet clothes to be hung out on the line and brought in frozen stiff, the hundred harrying chores to be done. Yet all the time, day and night, the man-nurse, with the fine gentleness of a woman and his strong arms and coaxing voice, contested inch by inch the advance of disease and death, ceaselessly vigilant, automatically precise, concentrated, self-forgetful, comprehensive, thinking of everything, and doing all with a smile and a humorous word.

His long, idle life lived in the open air, without excess of any kind—for he drank nothing, smoked little, and had never been a big eater—had given him a store of energy and a reservoir of strength on which he now drew, steadily diminishing the supply. The Young Doctor watched him almost as closely as he watched the two sick people whom he was drawing slowly away from the brink and setting them on high, safe places. There was talk, of course, at Askatoon at first—ugly, unstinted talk; for there were days and days when Shannon was away with his sleigh or his wagon, and Nolan Doyle and Norah Brennan were alone in the house, save for the two bedridden people—and Another; and the talk became a scandal, which at least materialized in the definite proposal of tar-and-feathers for Nolan Doyle.

It was then that the Young Doctor, who had a gift for acting at the right time—not by any means a rare thing in his race—went out upon the warpath. First he went to the Rev. Ebenezer Groom, the Methodist minister in whose "parlor" much sanctimonious scandal had been brewed, and insisted that he should come out to "the house of shame" and learn the truth.

They came to the door of the shaded sick room at a moment when Nolan Doyle was holding the paralyzed woman in his arms like a child—and a very heavy child at that—and Norah was freshening the pillows. The pious sky-pilot saw the woman put gently back on her

bed, whispering blessings on the head of "Nolan, dear," heard the whimsical replies of the man-nurse, saw the face—how thin and worn it had become!—met the dark eyes with the soft slumbering fires, saw the girl on the other side of the bed with that look of single purpose which sick-bed watching, more than anything else, gives to the faces of those who fight death and decay for others, and into his lean soul there entered a new understanding of human nature, the first glimpse of a real revelation of humanity.

"My dear friends, I would offer up a prayer at the throne of grace," he said unctuously to them all at last. "Verily, pain is the bowl into which God's mercy flows."

The old paralytic woman turned indignant eyes upon him, for she was a Catholic, though her husband was a Protestant of the Church of Ireland, and her daughter and Nolan Doyle were Catholics also. It was the old man who settled the question, however. He raised himself on his elbow, and a flush spread over his face, where undeveloped intellect did not wholly submerge the contour of the peasant—distinction and the commonplace in conflict—and he said in a low, reproving voice:

"The bowl will be no fuller for one prayer more. Shure, in this house we catch the drip of mercy at matins and evensong, and betune whiles—betune whiles. 'Tis not a Pagan place, and the only haythens here are those who come from beyond and away. Lave us be—lave us be wid the praying, but thank ye kindly for steppin' in with the Doctor. Ah, that's a man—the best that ever grew by Inniskillen! Shure, if it wasn't for him and Nolan—and Nolan the boy, the silver cord would be loosed and the golden bowl be broken—not the bowl of pain, as you say, but the bowl of life. Well, good-day to you, for 'tis time for us to be shlapin'—'tis time, isn't it, Mary, darlin'?" he called across to his wife.

"'Tis long past the time," she answered peevishly. Then with a faint flash of her eyes she drew a rosary from beneath her pillow with her one strong hand, and repeated a prayer over and over: "Salve, Regina, Mater . . . Mater clementissima . . . Ora pro nobis . . ."

With a look out of the corner of her eye at the preacher. "You see we're papists here—most of us," said Norah as they all left the room, "and so we'll not be forgetting to remember where's help to be had whin needed."

In the other room Nolan Doyle said to the bewildered preacher: "I've had letters—from some of your flock, I'm thinkin'. Here's wan of them—read it. It come this mornin'."

The preacher read a letter of a dozen lines which

Doctor said to himself as Norah brought from a cupboard a jar of preserves and a cake, and poured a cup of coffee for the preacher. This softened the shock of the reproof the man had had from Larry Brennan, and he ate and drank with an appreciation which only those know who find that stimulant in food which others find in spirits. His heart grew warmer and warmer, and, by accident, his visit left behind it a seed of pleasure which flourished exceedingly in Norah Brennan's broken heart. As he was leaving, he said with oracular sympathy and pompous kindness to Norah:

"Ah, to be young—young at the start of life, like you, and so to have opportunities for devotion and sacrifice and the Master's service! To be young, lassie, to be young like you! The coffee excellent—excellent, and the cake. Well, good-by. Good-by. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—to the lamb. Farewell and farewell—excellent coffee, excellent! Soon it will be spring again. Be patient and hopeful, lassie. 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He feedeth me beside the still waters.' The wind is tempered to the lamb, lassie."

After his fashion he kept his word. The Sunday following, having judiciously set the rumor flying that he would preach a special sermon, on a special subject of local importance, he found a congregation that filled the church to the doors; and when he stood up to preach, it was so still that only the roaring of the fire in the huge stove could be heard—typical of the flame of the spirit, as he very obviously said, when he gave out his text, which was: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." He did not delicately veil his allusions, and, at the last, after ruthlessly condemning judgment by appearances, and asking if none of them had hidden sins and unrepented misdeeds, without mentioning a name, he drew a picture of an apparently worthless, useless being winning his way back to self-respect and manhood by service to the afflicted, such as few could sustain and probably no man had ever to the same degree, and in like delicate circumstances, done before. He repudiated the slanders brewed in his own parlor, though he did not say they were brewed there, and he called upon them all to put forth the hands of succor and charity, and help to lift the burden carried heroically by two people whose lives were being eaten away by self-devotion—"shredded of vigor and youth and strength," he said.

The sermon was very fully reported in the local papers, and the story he had told was of such an unusual nature that the sensational parts of it were copied in paper after paper till they appeared in cities on the Mississippi and ports in the Bay of Fundy.

And the people of Askatoon, if not all wholly convinced, strove to make amends for slander and suspicion; though they not inaptly said that people should not fly into the teeth of decent custom, and should not give cause for suspicion by strange conduct, which the world said was beyond the bounds of convention. Their kindness came too late, however. They had practically boycotted the house of Brennan, they had ostracized Nolan and Norah, and—worse still—had let the effect of their ostracism and boycott fall on two helpless, bedridden people fighting with death. They had so frightened the few timid, if true, souls, and the charitable-hearted, and those women who might have helped in the sick-room or in the household work, that the people of the house of Brennan were on an island in the sea of Christendom, into whose harbors, to whose shores, no ship came, no boat brought freight of human sympathy, no corn and wine and oil of friendship—save that shallop of the Young Doctor which touched the sands now and then, and was gone all too soon, for he, too, was overworked, and medicines could do little in the house of Brennan. Nursing and nursing only with ceaseless care, could bring back to the height of land, where people lived in safety, these two falterers on the brink. Some times he asked himself, did the Young Doctor, if it was well that the lives should be saved at such a awful toll of the health and vigor of youth, for the vital forces of Nolan Doyle and Norah

Brennan were being worn away, and what would come if either broke down, he shuddered to think. Yet it had made a man of Nolan Doyle—or had he always been really the same man, waiting his opportunity, reserved for this strange experience, this terrible test of patience, strength, human love, and sympathy? The hospital? It was in a town far away, and the house of Brennan had opposed it from the first. That might come; it would have to come if Norah or Nolan fell in the struggle. But what was the end to be, and was it worth all the sacrifice?

People from Askatoon came to offer help, but Nolan

(Concluded on page 26)



"Terry—Terry, me own boy!" he cried, and was caught in the strong arms

From Vassar to the Hill

By
**ARTHUR
RUHL**

Illustrated by
HENRY RALEIGH

*A Somewhat
Sentimental Journey
of Exploration
From Poughkeepsie
to Wisconsin*



THE open trolley-car, shaking the hot dust of Poughkeepsie from its feet, whirled into a zone of apple-blossoms. The golden afternoon was fragrant with their perfume. A shady avenue overhung with trees enveloped us—on the left stretched a compact green hedge.

"North Gate!" said the conductor. I stepped through a slit in the hedge and embarked on an empty asphalt walk—soft asphalt, the noiseless sinking of one's feet into which conveyed vaguely the notion that it was something to bite rather than step on. Across a level, spacious lawn rose dormitories and college buildings.

High in an upper story of one a girl was drying her hair. She sat in the open window, with her back to the sun, and the hair fell loose to her waist and glowed in the sunlight. The silence being pricked by the sound of a boot striking a harder bit of asphalt, the girl turned and looked down over her shoulder. She looked long and searchingly, as a deer might lift its head at the first sight of man in its primeval forest; exactly, indeed, to venture a more familiar simile, as cows lift their heads when a stranger climbs over the fence into their sunny meadow. Satisfied that the intruder was harmless, or uninteresting, she gave the hair a toss and again turned her back to the sun.

For perhaps fifty yards the silence of the desert. On the top step of North, almost articulate in the bright sunlight, lay a hairpin. In the teeming silence it seemed symbolical of something, one couldn't tell what. Without waiting for the visitor's name, the little hall-boy and little maid at once and smilingly volunteered in chorus: "She said to tell you she wouldn't be home till four o'clock." With some archness I asked if they were sure that I was the one. Embarrassed by such levity, the two little servants exchanged deprecating looks and vouchsafed no reply.

I continued my walk. All about were tall, quiet dormitories and the level green of a park; beyond, trees and grass, still more park-like. Groups of girls—sometimes one alone—were reading under the trees. In the distance figures moved across the grass—white, pink, blue against the green—silent as dreams.

Behind a circular hedge dresses flashed and there were occasional voices. The voices sounded light and strangely far away. They were playing tennis and basketball over there. Near the hedge, but outside of it, a girl dozing in the grass, with her body twisted half-round as if she were a mermaid who had come up to sun herself on the shelving sand, suddenly sat erect and brushed the hair from her eyes. One had a curious sensation of walking uninvited into a picture.

Three figures emerged from the hedge and proceeded down the path. One, a lithe, well-built girl in a white dress, loosened at the neck, seemed the leader and the admiration of the other two. Unaware of strange observers, she wound her skirt about her and struck an attitude, chin in air. Then, stretching both hands high above her head, she brought her arms down with a motion of swimming. And swimming leisurely thus with the upper part of her body, she continued to walk, and back across the silent, sun-drenched lawn came her song:

*"Every little bit
Added—to what you got
Makes a lit—tle bit more. . ."*

We dined at six in one of the dormitories—one man among a great many girls, all smoothed and freshened for the evening like so many cool roses just taken from the florist's box—and then they gathered on the steps outside to sing. The Seniors sang to the Sophomores from the steps of one building, the Juniors to the Freshmen from the steps of another, and the underclassmen stood at a respectful distance, and after each song applauded politely, as I was told they do each evening, with unabated enthusiasm from the first day they can sit out of doors in the spring until snow flies in the fall.

From where we stood I could not hear the words, but I was told that the Juniors were probably telling the Freshmen how nice they were or singing about debating. Vassar students take a great deal of interest in questions of the day—they were much more excited over Governor Hughes's agitation for direct primaries than the rest of Poughkeepsie—and the inter-society debate is one of the great events of the year. Every Senior or Junior is a member of her class debating club and is obliged to attend its meetings. Last year the subject of debate was municipal regulation of the liquor traffic, and this year it was direct primaries, and both these fascinating topics were celebrated in their songs. I had heard many songs about bright college years, brown October ale, steins and alma mater, but I had never heard undergraduates sing

about debates. And until you are used to it it is a distinctly odd experience to hear that frail soprano chorus pipe across the grass and know that they are riming "mention" with "convention" and "Tammany" with "me" and telling what happened in the committee on credentials or what the weary truckman will do when the municipality abolishes the saloon.

Thunder clouds rolled up from behind the Hudson hills, and just as the singing and sunlight were ending the warm rain came. There was a general scramble for umbrellas, and the customary march across the lawn to chapel became a hurried scamper. Twilight was deepening as we emerged from evening service—the girls fling out, two by two by classes, Seniors first—and strolled across to the old main building between grass carpets washed and fragrant with rain. The dusk shut in closer, lights came out, and one understood the remark of the young teacher that it was now, when evening began to shut them in, that she felt more strongly the life of the place—the place that meant so much to them all.

One could scarcely be insensible to it: the quiet beauty, the decorous, well-ordered existence, the chance—unhindered and undismayed by the world's feverish necessities and forced surrenders—to contemplate and prepare for some ideal future life. And I do not mean by this a pallid, cloister-like seclusion. In talking with those interested in Vassar one becomes conscious of the frequent use of such words as "sane," "good citizenship," "lack of sentimentality," "service." When Mr. H. G. Wells was inspecting America he was troubled by the sight of Wellesley's art students making copies of antiques. From floor to ceiling of the room were drawers full of photographs—enough, Mr. Wells thought, to contain pictures of all the antiques in existence. And he lamented what seemed the pale and rarefied atmosphere in which these young women were preparing for the world in which they would be jostled as soon as they left college. One shudders at the kind of training and the kind of young women that would be found in Mr. Wells's ideal world, and yet, without in any sense referring to the sister college, I imagine that Vassar would object to a pallid estheticism almost as vigorously as he.

To do this, however, does not imply that she would have her undergraduates shouting for votes for women, rushing into settlements, or gulping down socialism. One gets the notion that there is an objection to the girls mixing up too precociously in things to which semi-political names are attached. As President Taylor put it in a recent address to the alumnae: "Vassar affirms its belief in the home and the old-fashioned idea of marriage and children and the splendid service of society wrought through these quiet and unradical means. It cries out against the tendency to put the tag of social service only on a service which has a committee and a board and public meetings and newspapers behind it."

I once knew a Vassar girl who admitted, on emerging into an inferior world, that the only man whom she could consider as a prospective husband would be a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. That was ten years ago, and her ideal is still, apparently, as unshaken as Gibraltar. For girls of a certain vigorous, unsentimental, and highly ethical trend, there may be a slight danger in shutting oneself up in a quiet park for four years and thinking acutely even of good citizenship.

And if You Don't Belong to the City Club—?

GOOD men-citizens, no less than good women-citizens, exist without the support of "committees and public meetings." Some of them, doubtless, run steam laundries or grocery stores, and would be very much improved by marrying somebody from Vassar. If the lady who had the Chief-Justice notion had tried to make a hit in musical comedy, endeavored to point her feet "to ten minutes to six and smile while you're doing it," as the Chorus Lady said; if she had chosen so astonishing a course as this and failed dismally and acquired a little humility and sense of humor, it might have been almost as good for her as Vassar. The objection to coeducation is, I believe, that it hardens girls' manners. There is also something to be said against hardening girls' hearts.

This was an aspect of the matter which we did not discuss as we strolled across the campus to Main that night.

A mother told of what had become of the girls with whom her daughter had been graduated. Seven were married, and well married, from the Vassar point of view—that is, to men who were doing important and worth-while things in their communities, in which, in their own ways, the girls helped. Of the other three, one was head nurse in a city hospital, one at the head of athletics in a woman's college, and one a teacher of domestic science.

By grace of a Senior's permission we ascended to the Senior room. Each Senior class furnishes it completely, and after graduation the room is dismantled and each girl takes her things home. Here the Seniors can sit by themselves in undisturbed dignity, and here each class can express its idea of what a home-like living-room should be. As we came in, two girls were talking on a seat at one side, several reading under shaded lamps, and at the grand piano sat two, one with her arm about the other's waist, playing a low accompaniment and humming as they played. It was a pleasant room and it seemed a specially gracious courtesy—and expressive of the atmosphere which the place was planned to represent—that all went on with what they were doing, exactly as if they were at home and we were members of the family. Quite without self-consciousness the girls at the piano continued their low duet notwithstanding our audible comments and our active discussion of their college and themselves.

The Busy Shores of Lake Mendota

WHAT, I wonder, would they have thought could they have read through their guest's inside coat pocket to the letter burning there—a note from a Wisconsin man to the boys of his fraternity, genially urging them to take me out on the campus and show me "the skirts as they go by"? And what would have been their emotions could they have sat on the grass at the top of the Hill at Madison as I did a few days later and seen that army of men and girls—lawyers, engineers, farmers, and school-teachers-to-be, fussers, women-haters, man-eaters and girls just like themselves, pouring up and down the crowded walks and into lecture halls?

No cloistered park this—a city rather, a Middle-Western city, at once intensely practical and enthusiastically idealistic, crowded with young men and women, most of whom were driving at some specific tangible thing. Boys do not go to Wisconsin because their fathers went there—their fathers, generally, never saw the inside of a college—nor because they find there clothes, manners, and accents which suit their own esthetic tastes. They—and the girls too—go because they are hungry for "culture," a better standard of living, because they want something that will help them in their business. I don't imagine they think very much about sanity or sentimentality or service. They are thinking of how to make themselves engineers, lawyers, farmers, school-teachers. They're too busy getting the thing to spend much time over their attitude toward it—but this is not beginning at the beginning.

I was proceeding down Langdon Street toward the university, curiously scanning the horizon for the first signs of co-education. Spring was in the air here, too. They were plowing, harrowing, and planting corn all over the country through which we had ridden that morning, and the dry, sweet prairie wind blew into the car window across wide stretches of newly turned black earth and the vivid green of young wheat. Elms in their new foliage overhung the street, comfortable frame houses, each with its green front yard, were on either side; below, to the right at each cross street, was a view of Lake Mendota.

A boy and girl, sitting on the steps of a house across the street, came over to my side of the street and walked on in front of me. The boy was coatless and bareheaded; his sleeves were rolled up and his trousers turned into a broad cuff. He had tan bulldog shoes and a Bull Durham tag swung from his hip pocket. Possibly he was a Freshman, inasmuch as they are required at Madison always to have the "makings." The girl was also bareheaded, and she carried a lecture notebook. I was just trying to decide whether they were brother and sister or only acted so, when all at once, from a porch a short distance down the side street, came the wiry zing-a-zing of mandolins and guitars.

*"Don't—take me home (zing-a-zing, plump-plump!)
Please don't take me home (zing-a-zing, pop-pop!)
What-did I-ever do to you (BING!)
Oo-oo-oo-oo—Hav-a little pity, I'm—"*

The contemplative pace and judicial calm became not altogether easy to preserve. A few steps farther ap-

peared, close to the sidewalk, a front porch crowded with exuberant young men humming, whistling, and evading the Wisconsin blue laws by rolling their own cigarettes. Evidently a fraternity house.

Directly ahead arose the sober, columnar façade of a library; beyond, other buildings and a grassy hill surmounted by a domed structure resembling a state-house. But in the immediate foreground, in front of the sober columns, was a baseball game. A crowd—hundreds—surrounded it, the men three deep from home to first and third, the girls mostly behind the fielders in the shade of the library. A big farmer-looking youth, with a great bush of fuzzy brown hair, started away for the Hill. I asked him who was playing.

"Laws an' the Agrics!" and as he galloped off he breezily volunteered that everybody hoped the Laws would get soaked because they made such a noise about it whenever they won.

Adventure with a Man-Eater

I ASCENDED the Hill—almost a mountain for this prairie country—a furlong stretch of lawn climbing steeply up to the main building, and bounded on either side by trees and walks. Classes were in session and the walks were empty. In the shade of a building on the right a benevolent instructor had taken his small class. They squatted on the grass, tailor fashion, all but one, intent on his book. This one was a girl in a tan-colored dress that might have been pongee, and a big pink mushroom hat with one stiff rakish black feather.

She sat erect, leisurely surveying the world. Some vague emanation that promptly flashed across the intervening distance convinced one that the alpine peaks of abstract thought were not those toward which her feet were irrevocably set. Of course, some co-eds come to have a good time. We gazed at each other fixedly until the building came between. When, a moment later, having passed the building, this same penetrating and analytical inspection was continued from another angle, I was conscious of a sudden and delightful exhilaration, such as a lamb might feel galloping gaily around a menagerie tent in front of the caged lions and tigers. With exaggerated slowness I proceeded onward up the hill, looking back now and then at the studious class bent over their books, and the lone figure sitting very erect and staring—not anxiously nor even curiously, but with a certain air of resignation, as if to say: "You may think this is funny, young man. It's all very well for you. But some day—"

I walked on over the hill and along the lake to the Agricultural School. Another class, all men, sat on the grass in front of the stock pavilion. The lecturer was discussing in-breeding, and the men played mumblety-peg as they listened. Every now and then a cow thrust her head through the fence behind the lecturer and, as if approving or protesting, emitted a loud "Moo!" At our very coat-tails a flock of sheep nibbled grass, and from time to time added to the perfection of this bucolic picture by lifting their heads in a quivering "Ba-a!"

Returning past an orchard where more Agrics, one a young woman in a blue gingham dress and wide straw hat, were learning horticulture, I passed the ball game and crossed over to the boat-house. The nearby shore was lined with the boat-landings of fraternity-houses. Two launches filled with girls put-putted by; a man and a girl put out from one of the floats in a canoe.

With a delicious *skwudge-skwudge* the varsity eight tramped down the float, swung their shell over their heads, and set it lightly on the water. At the same moment two girls ran down the wharf next door and climbed into their canoe. No one paid any more attention to the co-eds than as if they were butterflies, and the girls showed no more interest in the eight Greek gods than as if they were all members of a family at their own cottage at one of the Wisconsin lakes.

After dinner at one of the fraternities we strolled over to one of the girls' sorority houses, chatted on the steps a few moments, just as people were doing all over the Middle West at that hour, and then, two by two, in the fading daylight, drifted up to a concert by the college band on the hill. In the middle of that long stretch of grass stood the band, and all about were men and girls sitting on the grass like some vast picnic party. At the end, when the band struck up the college hymn, the whole regiment rose and stood till it was done.

Then—things never seem to stop at Wisconsin—we crossed to one of the buildings nearby, where another concert began—a piano and violin recital, given as part of their course by two members of a class in music. A young man played a violin; a slender, shy-looking young girl in a pale blue dress—especially frail and delicate she looked beside the great concert grand—played the piano. Her co-ed friends weren't sure that they cared for classical music, but she would feel it if they didn't come, and so they all went and applauded each number for all they were worth. She came from a little Wisconsin village through which my train had passed that morning—one of those little stations with a grain elevator, a few stores, and a tobacco warehouse, whence the wicked Wisconsin leaf is made into cigars named after actors—even good actors. The picture of it kept drifting across the concert program with its foreign names—Bach, Saint-Saëns, Gounod.

Many of the Wisconsin co-eds come from just such towns, some to be teachers, some because it's cheaper than the usual "finishing" school, some who would go to women's colleges in the East were their State uni-

versity not so highly thought of. Many, like the one I had read about in the last number of the Wisconsin "Lit" that afternoon, came up straight from the farm:

"A solitary wagon was wending its way along a deserted road to the junction. The father was driving; the mother was imparting the usual parting advice. Mamie Doe, pretty, plain, artless Mamie Doe, was dreaming. 'Toot! toot!' went the engine; 'Good-by, little girl,' said the father; 'Write often and study hard,' said the mother; 'I will,' replied Mamie Doe."

Mamie roomed with Winifred Lillian, who owned a motor-car, and she accumulated a Chicago veneer.

"And you, Mamie Doe," continued the undergraduate philosopher, "how do you feel when you get back to the junction? You ought to help with the housekeeping. No more bridge whist after luncheon. At the junction they do not have luncheon; they have breakfast, dinner, and supper."

"No more dances! No more fussers! No more theaters! Everything is changed, is it not? Of course, you like father and mother as well as ever, but they have not been steeped in the quickening atmosphere, and you have just taken a four years' plunge into an inciting whirlpool and your spots have changed."

"And in the warm summer evenings, when you take your solitary walks through the golden cornfields just as the setting sun is washing the parental roof with colors never to be attained by sordid pot-boilers, what are you thinking about? Mind you, you have just dried the dishes. You are yearning for something; you are unhappy; all is not well with the world. Why should not you strive for a higher standard of living? Ambition is, of course, commendable, but often it can not find expression, and then—"

I do not believe that this is at all typical of the effect of university experience on the average sensible, plucky Middle-Western girl, but it is worth quoting, found in an undergraduate paper, and the half-real, half-whimsical objections to girls put forward by the clever young man who wrote it made his college seem a specially interesting place as we walked back that night to my hotel.

"Cows and Co-eds"

WHATEVER its other qualities, it is certainly not a rarefied air the Wisconsin co-eds breathe. The keynote of the place is the accomplishment of practical results. Wholly dependent on the State Legislature, it has had to show that it could give such results. And the Legislature of a Middle-Western agricultural State is not going to spend money on highfalutin bric-à-brac. The work of the agricultural school has, perhaps, been sufficiently celebrated. The undergraduates of the academic wing rear up on their hind legs at the very mention of it—"People think we haven't anything here but cows and co-eds!"

An article in the same paper from which I have already quoted, on "Why is the English Department?" charm-

A managing editor or a producing magazine man can advance you more in an evening's talk than the whole English dept in a semester."

The co-ed is here not only because such an arrangement is a natural sequence to the boy-and-girl high schools, but because it is cheaper for the State to teach both sexes in one place. As the girls said in their recent number of the "Sphinx": "Wisconsin being established for men and women on terms of perfect equality, any discussion of the *status quo* seems a little beside the mark. The men and women of the State have spoken through properly accredited representatives, and it remains for us respectively to make the best of it and the most of it."

Determinism and Dutch Necks

AND this they generally seem to do with a good sense and good humor which is part of their experience in the grammar and high schools. The girls are subject to few special regulations. Several hundred live in a dormitory with a woman dean, a hundred or so others live in sorority houses with a chaperone of their own; the rest of the one thousand live in boarding-houses. Formerly, men and girls might live in the same boarding-house, but this is now practically discontinued. They can go canoeing and driving and picnicking with each other, just as if they were at home, and there is no bother about chaperones. When a large and rather formal affair is arranged, however, a chaperone is ingeniously thought necessary. The reasoning seems to be that a chaperone is something dressed up and Eastern—very much as you "dine" when you have guests and merely "eat dinner" when alone. Calls on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday evenings are considered legitimate "fussing," but boys who are forever mooning about the sorority houses are rather looked down on as "candy-kids."

The boys assert, and with much reason, that the overwhelming preponderance of girls in, for instance, popular literature classes tends to drive men away and that it often prevents perfect freedom of discussion. With the intention of observing this at close range, I dropped in at a nine o'clock philosophy class the next morning.

The subject was determinism, and the instructor was giving a very interesting criticism of Professor James's ideas of free-will. From where I sat, his head emerged above a large black mushroom hat trimmed with lilies of the valley and pink flowering almonds, and in the same line of vision were various engaging coiffures and backs of necks. It was a delightful May morning. On a branch just outside the open window a robin was amusing himself with his liquid chirp, and the fragrance of fresh grass and leaves that drifted in from the campus mingled with more artificial and disturbing perfumes. I am afraid that my own "sphere of determinism" would have been unprofitably circumscribed by flowering hats and Dutch necks. But that, of course, was as good

an argument for co-education as against it, for the young men who sat about me paid no more attention to these phenomena than to the plaster on the wall. And they drew pictures in their note-books and went to sleep quite like any undergraduates.

In the Shakespeare class, into which I next went, the power of the co-ed to destroy the opposite species was more evident. It was notoriously a "snap" course and almost monopolized by girls. The instructor, a charming old gentleman quite saturated in his subject and removed from the modern world, maintained a fatherly and rather drowsy monologue, answering most of his own questions and every now and then letting fly little whimsical and humorous sparks, which fell quite helplessly against the opaque perceptions of most of the class. He would have been a charming companion in front of a wood fire on a winter's evening, but he was scarcely the one to compel cerebration in a crowd of indifferent girls.

Having called the roll and carefully marked as "present" those who were there and those for whom some other girl, suddenly remembering instructions and almost popping out of her seat, shrieked "Here!" he opened his "Hamlet" and wondered if Miss Jones knew what "cicatrice" meant. As Miss Jones was quite too bored to reply, he went right on with: "Probably she uses the word 'scab' instead. It is simpler." Miss Jones sighed, and, turning to the girl next to her, rested her elbow on the chair arm and her head on her hand, as if saying: "What a bore the old gentleman is; isn't he, girls?"

"Well, let's continue. When was it that the Danes invaded England?" Could Miss Smith tell that? "Oh, about a thousand years ago." Yes, but couldn't she get a little nearer? Was it nine hundred and something or ten hundred and something? What? Did Miss Smith say nine hundred? Because if she did she would be sorry—really, it was ten hundred. And he dreamily wondered if Miss Smith had an English history in her room or did she have to go over to the library for it? She ought to have it on the shelf in her room, because if she was going to be a teacher—however. Now what did Hamlet mean about Laertes and the French bet? (No answer.) Why, Laertes was a sort of dude, wasn't he? (Unsuccessfully suppressed yawns.) He'd been spending his time in Paris, standing down there at the corner of the Boulevard San Michel and the Boulevard San Germain, where they are so terribly dissipated, eh? The old gentleman looked up with a whimsical smile, which met



"Like members of a family at their own cottage on one of the Wisconsin lakes..."

ingly illustrates, however, this same avid hunger for "results" in what is generally a far more dilettante field. The italics are mine:

"When your theme makes a hit, you want to know why it hit, so as to repeat the performance. You want to know the principles of vivid phrasing, the possibilities of plot variation, the trick-work of suspense, the essentials of climax. . . . When a student is making his first fumbling attempts at literature, what he values are crude, concrete, constructive, hunches on the tricks of the trade. What he gets is abstract—a comparison of Arnold's and Pater's theories of style or a line of talk on the Ultimate Motive of True Art. . . . Every literary student has ideals somewhere in his system. . . . There intervene, however, several years during which he will typewrite hackwork to live while he is mastering the craft. It would be ample for his present simple needs to be able to make good with a short story in 'Hampton's.' He wants to know how to swing a surprise ending; how long to make his introduction. Is it a good scheme to make Basil Baskerville look dully out into the wind-swept streets for a few paragraphs or ought Basil to shout 'Marked cards!' at the start of paragraph one? . . . A timely hunch from a man who has been through the mill saves you months of this, but you get few of them from the English dept."

no response from the placid faces of the maidens in front of him. The only thrust that seemed at all to stir them was a remark about Barbary horses. The professor asked if these were not Arabian horses—the kind the young ladies had seen now and then in circuses. This one of the young women disputed with great vigor and stubbornness, declaring that they couldn't have Arabian horses in circuses because they were "too expensive."

It is classes like this, doubtless, of which the vivacious young man whom I have already quoted was thinking when he complained in the "Lit" that the "feathered hordes" were weakening Wisconsin's pristine virility. "The recitation is a function, and the flannel shirt and the unshaven face evoke a stare, the 'hang-over' expression, a suspicion. As you enter the classroom, which is permeated with a delicate perfume, you do not walk, but tread to your seat with a stately, serious mien, and in the next fifty minutes you emulate the reticent clam. The loud outburst, the crude phrase, are arch sins; a voluntary remark is a misdemeanor. The

tone of the classroom is artificial and contaminated. By whom?"

"We are perfectly willing," the girls promptly replied in their issue of the "Sphinx." "to take the blame for those faults which are ours. We are not perfect. But we decline with thanks to be responsible for the idiosyncrasies of the 'bunch' or the follies of the fusser. We don't ask to be worshiped. We have no use in the business of daily life for an aureole or pedestal. They are both troublesome to tote around. We would rather at any time be first-rate human beings than any poor second-rate goddesses. But, for goodness sake, try to be a little human yourselves and remember we can't help being co-eds, and if there are traits in our exceedingly complex characters which seem to you to need nitroglycerine blasts in order to clear them away, at all events be a little jolly about it."

Able, evidently—these young women—to speak for themselves, and in arguments like this generally to get the better of it. After all, by very reason of her comparative maturity, doesn't the co-ed often rather have

the better of it all along the line? The night before I left Madison I went to a reception given to some of the Faculty at one of the sorority houses. It was, perhaps, as representative a group of Wisconsin girls as could have been gathered—girls quite able to take care of their older guests and to meet the social demands of the occasion as gracefully as the girls had met theirs in the Senior room a few nights before at Vassar.

They were ready to step from their own reception-room into almost any social position; ready, were he to appear to-morrow, to invite the Fairy Prince to rise and despair no more. But the boys at whose house I dropped in a moment later to say good-by were in quite another case. They were "bucking" under hot student-lamps, trying to get work to tide over the empty summer, worrying about what they were going to do in the world. Nominally, they met on equal terms the girls with whom they had worked and played during their undergraduate years, but it would be a long time before they could pose as Fairy Princes or, even in the same sense in which the girls were women, could call themselves men.

BUDDHA'S EYE

Its Evil Activity, Its Malevolent Influence Over the Borrold Family, and the Part it Took in the Fate of Milly the Dancer

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by C. B. FALLS



"The two of 'em compared it with Buddha's Eye"

"I'M AFRAID you've got to die, Lord Bray," says that old blighter from Harley Street.

"Then get out and let me die!" says I. "I don't want to die with you about." And so out goes old Meacham on tippy-toes, looking more than ever like an elderly sheep, and walking like a cat in papers.

Got to die? I'm rather a young one to die! Two-and-twenty.

"Well, I won't deny I've been a bad lot. We've had blood in us, we Borrolds—rotten bad. And I can't say that I've tried very hard to go against the Borrold blood.

Got to die, eh? Well, that'll give young Jerry a chance when the governor shuffles off, and young Jerry's a good lad.

He takes after the mater, bless her! We may not end so awful after all.

Got to die? I don't know as I care. Milly's gone, poor girl! Milly's gone, and, after all, now that I look back at it, it was Milly made things worth while.

Young Jerry'll grow up healthy and straight and decent, and marry some nice pink girl, and the old family'll take a fresh start—now that the curse is off it—Buddha's Eye gone back where it came from.

It was the Eye did for us all, you know.

So I desay I don't mind dying very much. I should have missed Milly.

How d'you tell a story? Begin at the beginning, I desay.

Well, this story begins a long way back, but I'll cut it short. Make a quick jump of it.

You see, it begins in a pleasant, jovial way with my great-grandfather looting a temple out in India when he was a young man. That is to say, he helped to loot it. He carried off Buddha's Eye, anyhow. It was during the Mahratta Rebellion.

My great-grandfather fought in that and got a wound at Nahidpore. So he was invalided home, he and a pal of his called Staines. It seems this chap Staines, while they were on their way down country, heard tell of a temple in a little village that had something special in the way of a statue of Buddha in it. So off he goes, Staines and my great-grandfather with him, to see the Buddha. They were halting that night in the village, you understand.

It wasn't much in the way of a temple, my great-grandfather said, in the account he wrote of the affair later on—the governor let me read it once when he was tight and incautious. It wasn't much in the way of a temple. He'd seen a dozen finer ones. And it was almost deserted—all the country-side was, to be sure—no priests on view, and only a half-dozen filthy, maimed beggars outside the gate. They made their way in and found the place half dark and empty, and smelly the way temples are. But, my great-grandfather said, when their eyes got accustomed to the dark, there was a most tremendous statue of Buddha reared up in front of them, with his head among the rafters. It was the standing-up Buddha, you know, not the squatting down one—the Amida Buddha with his right hand up before him and his left one down—first finger and thumb pinched together—you know. My great-grandfather said the statue must have stood twenty feet high. The two of them came not much above its knees. It was made out of wood, painted and lacquered and gilded, but very old and smoky.

Well, those two chaps stood there for a long time staring up through the half dark at that tremendous Buddha, and finally Staines says:

"What's that on the Johnnie's forehead? What's that on its forehead?" says Staines.

So they stared a while longer, and Staines moved about where he could see better. There was a bit more

light up there near the roof and it struck down across the statue's face.

"By Gad!" says Staines, in a sort of whisper, you understand. "By Gad, that's either a lump of red glass as big as a walnut or it's a ruby worth half of India." And he began to breathe hard.

I desay you know that those "eyes"—only they ain't eyes at all, they're a head-jewel set in the middle of the forehead—I desay you know they're often valuable stones—diamonds, rubies, almost anything. They're held to be rather uncommon sacred, and all that, by the native Johnnies.

Well, my great-grandfather said that this Staines chap couldn't take his eyes off the red head jewel on that tremendous Amida Buddha. He went all queer—quite daffy about the thing. He wanted it, you see. There was the most wonderful ruby he'd ever clapped eyes on—or any one else had ever clapped eyes on. There it was twenty feet above him, stuck on the face of a heathen god in a deserted temple. It was a fortune. I desay, to this Staines man. It seems to have got in his blood all in a minute. He wanted it. My great-grandfather tried to drag him away, but Staines wouldn't go, and so presently my great-grandfather left him there.

When he came back, after an hour, he found the chap where he'd left him, head back, staring up at Buddha. Staines says:

"Jim, there's a way up there. You give me a shoulder," he says, "and I can climb the rest of the distance along the drapery folds. I'm going up."

My great-grandfather didn't like the idea and told Staines not to be a fool, but the man was mad. It had got into his blood, you see.

Jewels are like that, the big ones. There's something damnable about them all.

Well, of course it ended in my great-grandfather, after they'd had a look about, giving his shoulder to this Staines chap. Then it seems he went back a few paces to watch.

It was half dark in the place, you remember—black shadows on all sides, and ugly, squatted demigods grinning out of the shadows. A fearful spooky place, you can believe! No place for me. The spookiness began to take hold on my great-grandfather, but he stepped back away and stood there and looked on while his pal climbed up Buddha's arm and then along the horizontal folds of drapery across the body.

"Either the light is very bad," says my great-grandfather, "or that statue ain't steady on its pins, Bill. It appears to me to be wobbling."

Staines looked down once, it seems, but didn't answer—just climbed on. And again my great-grandfather thought the whole tremendous great statue swayed a little on its feet, as if the man's weight was unbalancing it.

Those Buddhas wear their clothes very décolleté, if you remember—very much so. Staines got his feet on the décolletage of the statue and held himself by his left arm round the neck. He had a heavy clasp-knife open in his teeth, and he took it in his right hand and reached up and began to hack at the great ruby on Buddha's forehead.

"Look out, Bill!" calls my great-grandfather once more. "It's swaying on its feet." Staines didn't answer.

He was fair mad, you see. He kept on hacking with the clasp-knife.

Then all at once he stopped and was still, his arm down beside him.

It seemed to my great-grandfather that the place was getting darker—especially up high there where Staines was clinging.

Then quite suddenly Staines gave a most terrible and

blood-curdling shriek, and after a moment another one. My great-grandfather wrote that each of those horrible shrieks seemed to strike him in the pit of the stomach, and well-nigh paralyzed him. But for all that he ran back farther yet, away from the statue, and turned again to look. He was shivering.

Staines clung up there holding on by Buddha's neck, stiff and rigid, with his head strained back.

"It's alive!" he screamed out. "Oh, my God, its eyes are alive!" And he screamed once more for help, but my great-grandfather was frozen where he stood. You know how you are when you're frightened. Frozen, he was. Paralyzed. He stared up, and it seemed to him that the big eyes beyond Staines's head were glowing as if there might be fire behind 'em—but that may have been the queer light. He never knew.

The next thing he realized was that he was shouting: "Come down! Come down!" But he knew it was too late, for the statue had begun to fall over forward. Staines must have moved suddenly or leaned out too far. Or else— Yes, of course, it must have been Staines that did it.

He never made a sound afterward. He let go with his arms, but his feet stuck where they were, and the man and the statue came over together. My great-grandfather says that after they had begun to fall they seemed to hang there in the air for hours, just poised and still. Then they came with a rush, there was a most infernal roar and splinters of wood flying about and a cloud of dust.

Out of it all something rolled across the floor to my great-grandfather's feet, and what dim light there was in that dark place found it out, so that he said it was like a little stream of bright red blood. But it wasn't blood. It was the ruby—Buddha's Eye. And my great-grandfather picked it up and put it in his pocket. And at that instant the beggars and all came rushing in.

And they found some rags that had been Staines's, and buried 'em.

So that's how Buddha's Eye came into the Borrold family—and some rotten curse came with it that has poisoned the lot of us.

My great-grandfather was already married and had two sons when he went out to India. He lived ten years longer after he returned, you see, and had six sons more. Then he died, raving mad. His wife killed herself a few years later, and then the eight sons began to go—all violent deaths, beginning with the eldest and going straight down the line, so that it was always the head of the family that went—the earl. Seven of 'em died in twenty years without issue until only the youngest was left—my grandfather—and he lived and married, had three sons and two daughters, and then was smashed in the hunting field.

My father was the youngest of that lot, and he had married and I was half-grown before he came into the title. One of the elder brothers was drowned, the other one killed himself just in time to hush up a scandal. The less said about my two aunts the better. I fancy they're still living, somewhere on the Continent, but no one wants to know just where.

Yes, of course. You'll ask why we didn't get rid of that cursed ruby. Well, in the first place, we couldn't, because my great-grandfather had it put into the entail—or whatever the phrase is. So it was family property like the Castle or Denforth House. And, in the second place, it seems never to have occurred to any one for a long time that the ruby had anything to do with our bad luck. The heir was usually told of how the stone came into the family, but nobody else knew. You see, the thing has always been our *cachet*, as you might say. The Borrolds have been famous for the Denforth ruby. There's nothing like it anywhere, and the Countess has to wear it whenever there's a show—balls and big parties and all that. My great-grandmother wore it as a pendant, and she was a big dark woman, half Spanish, so it must have become her very much. But the fourteenth Countess (my mother's the sixteenth) began wearing it, set in the middle of a sort of big pair of diamond wings, as a corsage ornament. So my mother does, too. A fair Saxon type of woman couldn't wear a ruby half the size of a golf ball swinging from her neck. She'd look ridiculous.

I remember very well how my father began to change after he came into the title. By George, I wish I didn't remember so well! You see, we'd lived quite quietly down in Gloucestershire, with not too much money, but enough to come up to town for a month of the season, and go to Switzerland in August. And it was a far cry from all that to Denforth House and the Castle and the big income. My father didn't stand it well. He'd been, before, one of the finest old chaps I ever saw. Yes, by George, the very finest! But he began to drink more than was good for him, and his temper turned sour, and when he was in his cups he was rather a beast.

It was the curse, I'll swear to that.

The mater was broken-hearted. She did all she could, but it was no use. She lost her hold on him. They kept up a sort of pretense before people, went out to parties and all that. When I was at home I'd see them going off, my mother, with that cursed ruby at her breast, and the governor scowling.

He and I didn't get on any too well either. You see, there was some sort of a row at Eton and I had to get out. And then, after a couple of years, I was sent down from Oxford. Rank injustice, that was! And the governor turned on me. Once, when he wasn't quite sober, he called me a lying, epileptic little cad, and I never forgave him. Liar himself! I wasn't epileptic. It's just fainting spells. I've never been very strong, but he always expected me to do the things strong people can do. He never understood me, the governor didn't. He was always unjust to me.

I'd have cut my throat long ago but for the good old mater. God bless her!

Oh, well, I dessay he ain't to be blamed for it all. It was that ruby. None of us ever had a chance—no Borrold of the lot.

Except young Jerry. He's got a chance now, and he's a good clean little lad. He'll ride straight, I promise you.

Then Milly came in.

I dessay you'll have seen Milly at the Palace in those Greek dances of hers, what? She wore a little nightie and waved her arms and skipped about—like Maud Allan and Isadora Duncan, only not so good. I've heard people call Milly a bad lot, but that wasn't true. Milly was as cold as a fish and as hard as nails, and as ambitious as what's-his-name?—Napoleon, but she was too clever not to keep straight. She knew her value, Milly did.

When I first met her she was in the chorus at the Duke of York's, and no visible chance of ever getting any higher; but I made her take dancing lessons—no good to bother about singing, she'd a voice like a crow—and she worked hard, and, after a bit, we got her a small engagement at a cheap hall. That was how she started the nightie dances.

You see—well, I'm afraid I can't tell you very much about Milly, after all. I thought I could, but— The poor old girl's gone now, and when I think of what a hand I had in it, and all that—it comes hard to talk about Milly. I'll cut it short.

She was ambitious, you see. She was playing for high stakes, and at first the stakes were me. Yes, me—heir to earldom and all that rot. Milly'd got the fever for strawberry leaves. She worked hard, played her game all she knew, and, for a time—for a time, mind you!—I was about ready to give in. I don't deny I was fonder of Milly than I've ever been of anybody else. But I got to thinking about the family—and I couldn't quite do it. We've been a rotten lot, some of us, but we've never yet picked our wives out of the chorus, and I couldn't begin it.

Some rumors got to the mater, and she talked to me and mothered me and wept a bit, and—oh, well, I couldn't do it. I dessay it was the mater, God bless her! more than anything else.

Milly was furious, of course, and wouldn't see me for a month. I dunno just how I got through that month. But she liked to have me about. I didn't bore her, you see. And so, after a time, we went on again. I had a habit of dropping into her flat in the afternoon, and I fancy Milly missed me. So I was allowed to come back.

That wasn't her last try. Not by a good deal! There was young Horsham—silly little ass!— She almost had Horsham, but his people found it out and packed him off to the Riviera. I heard it said they bought Milly off, and maybe they did. I don't know. She came out in some extra fine black pearls just about then. She had a passion for jewelry—the only passion she owned.

Then Milly and the governor fell in with each other.

The silly old goat!

I could have poisoned him. Not on Milly's account. I wasn't afraid there. Milly was far too wise to encourage married men. It was the mater I was thinking of.

Still, who's to blame the poor old beggar? He wasn't himself, in those days.

It hit him hard, you know. It was the first time, so far as I ever heard, that he'd looked away from the mater—and Milly was a kind of new world to him. She took him off his feet.

Why she let him hang about her I never knew. That was a mystery. But she did—more or less. Just enough to drive him crazy. He talked to me about it once or twice. It turned me sick. The poor mad old beggar!

And the worst of it was that the mater found out. She'd got used to his bad temper and his drink and all, but this was one too much. It nearly broke her heart. She got thin and white, and I wanted more than ever to poison him.

We had a jaw about it, the mater and I. I tried to smooth her down—told her just what sort Milly was, and that she'd never let it come to anything serious—too clever by half for that. But of course the mater wouldn't believe me. You see, odd as it sounds, she'd never got over being in love with her husband, and I gathered that she didn't believe it possible for any woman to resist him. I could have laughed if it hadn't been too pathetic.

Just when Buddha's Eye came on to the carpet I never knew. If I remember right, I heard of it first from the governor in a maudlin sort of talk we had. He'd been raving on, thirteen to the dozen, about how miserable he was, and this and that. I didn't listen very close, but all at once I pricked up my ears because he was talking about the ruby.

He wanted to give it to Milly!

Of course he was quite mad, but even madmen can do a lot of harm. I talked to him like a Dutch uncle—called him hard names, I dessay, and he called me a few names back.

You could have knocked me over with a feather. The man was serious!

When I found out that he really meant what he said, I wasted no more time on him; I went straight to Milly's flat, and we had it out.

Well, she was mad, too. At first she laughed and denied it, then got red, and, when I put the thing to her straight off, she stood up and defied me.

She actually meant to have Buddha's Eye!

I told her that the governor had no more right to give her the ruby—or sell it or dispose of it in any way—than he had to dispose of the jewels in the Tower of London. It wasn't his. It was Denforth property—entailed. Well, I might as well have talked to the wall. You know how women are. If they set their hearts on a thing, they can't see that the law has anything to do with it.

Quite mad, she was! Her eyes, you know—all different from usual—bright and shining. Milly'd met her match at last—found her one real passion and gone



"On 'er knees before that Thing, with 'er 'ands over 'er fies"

down before it. She'd have sold her soul—if she had one—for Buddha's Eye.

It seems she saw the cursed thing first one gala night at the opera, where she'd got some man to take her. My mother was there with the ruby on, and Milly spent the evening staring at it through a glass.

She seems to have been hit like that chap Staines—bowed over absolutely. She went home and lay awake thinking about it. You know how they are, women! And always, after that time, she thought about it, night and day—couldn't think of anything else—couldn't sleep. It began to seem to be the only thing in the world, and after a bit she began on the poor old governor about it.

There must have been a queer streak in Milly all the time.

No, I hit it before when I said she had just one passion, and that for jewelry. All the other passions, human ones, that she ought to have had, and didn't have, had got twisted into that one direction.

I told her that if the governor ever came to be fool enough and criminal enough to give her the Denforth ruby, I'd go straight to the police. Milly looked me in the eye and dared me to do it. She knew she had me there. She knew I wouldn't risk the scandal on the mater's account.

Then, a few days later, the governor had an inspiration. It was a nasty, contemptible one, and I hate to tell it of him, but you must remember that the poor old chap wasn't himself. I blame no Borrold for anything.

We never had a chance, any of us. I came on him one morning in his study, sitting over a table with a little foxy foreign party, and on the table between 'em was a heap of rubies and a jeweler's scale.

The governor looked flustered when I came in and then angry. Then the little foxy man went away, and I heard what it was all about. It seems there's a new way of manufacturing rubies. You take a lot of little ones—chips and all that—and fuse 'em, and make a big one out of the mess. So the thing's a real ruby—color right—weight right—deceive anybody, even dealers. Only the experts can tell. There's a name for the things, but I forget it.

The governor was having an imitation of Buddha's Eye made to trick Milly with.

I gasped a bit, and I didn't like it. I told him so, straight out. I told him it was too dashed low, but—well, he was a madman. You couldn't do anything with him. He didn't see the hundreds of difficulties in the way. He only saw what he wanted.

A fortnight later the stone came. The little foxy foreigner brought it, and the two of 'em compared it with Buddha's Eye, and weighed it and pawed it over. The little man got his check for a thousand pounds (these things ain't cheap, you see), and went away. Then the governor's secretary called him out of the room and I was left there alone.

It came to me in a sort of a flash—all in a quick flash.

The two rubies were lying on a square of cotton wool together, for they'd taken Buddha's Eye out of its setting to compare 'em, you see. The wrong stone had a bit of white paper stuck on one side to mark it from the other. And the settings were there beside—the double wing thing for Buddha's Eye and a queer band for the new one, because it seems Milly wanted to wear it on her forehead, set in a band of gold.

All in a flash it came to me, and the room went round for a bit.

It seemed to me that I looked backward and saw all the horrors that miserable stone had brought to the Borrold family—all the fine, clean, decent men it had smashed, all the women it had brought sorrow to—or worse. And I looked forward and saw more of it—generations to come ruined by a curse.

And the way out was as easy as turning over your hand.

It was like one of the inspirations these Johnnies have who write poetry or music.

You see the point, don't you? Nobody'd ever know. Before this imitation stone was made, the thing was insane—impossible. If the governor had given away Buddha's Eye then, it couldn't have been kept dark for a fortnight. There'd have been a most frightful smash-up. But now, who'd ever know? The mater would go about wearing the new stone, and the women of the family after her to the end of time. Who'd ever think of testing the Denforth ruby to see if it was genuine?

As for Milly with her new ornament, people would laugh and call it glass.

I'd lectured the poor governor about doing a dirty trick. This one of mine was dirtier still, but I found I didn't care. The only thing I could think of was that maybe now the curse could go from off the Borrolds, and I could be the one to send it.

I found it had to be done and I did it. It was so easy! I wet the little bit of white paper, loosed it, and stuck it on Buddha's Eye.

And the back of my head felt cold and I wanted a drink.

Then presently the governor came back, and with him the little ruby-maker's assistant, who was to put the stones in their settings, and I got away.

No, I'm not sorry I did it. In spite of everything, I'm glad, though now I come to the part of all this that's hardest to tell. It ain't easy to tell it, but I'll get on—and be quick.

That was on Thursday, late in the afternoon, and we'd a dinner party, political, at Denforth House in the evening. The next morning rather early I was turning into Piccadilly out of St. James Street. I was going to old Lord's in the Arcade to look at some ties and things, but at the corner a newsboy scuttled past, shouting out about an "orrible murder," and I caught a name. I had a glimpse of the yellow bill he was holding, and the name was there, right enough. Things went black about me.

I don't remember getting into a taxicab, but I found I was in one and half way to the circus when I came to. So I must have given the address. You see, Milly had moved out of her flat a couple of months before and into some rather queer lodgings in Soho, because she said she wanted more space. She wanted a large room to practise her dances in, and she got it, and had one wall covered with tall mirrors so that she could see what she was about.

There was a little knot of people before the door of the house—just standing there idle and gaping, but I pushed through them and went in. A pair of police officers on guard at the foot of the stair stopped me, and I had to tell them who I was. Then they were very civil and made no trouble for me. I ran up the stairs. Milly's door was ajar, and the old hag who kept the place—her name was Mink—sat just inside it, rocking herself back and forth in a chair and sniveling. And she reeked to high heaven of gin.

I caught her by the arm, and she blinked up at me

and her mouth fell open. I shook her and cried out: "Where is she? Where have they put her?" or something like that.

I could hardly speak.

The hag told me that they'd taken her away, and told me where. I was for rushing off, but the woman held me. She was weeping aloud. I made out that there was some horrible reason why I shouldn't see what was left of poor Milly.

And then that shaking, sniveling, gin-soaked old woman told me the most incredible tale. I don't expect you to believe it. I don't know whether I believe it or not. She told it all feet-foremost, heels-over-head, weeping and crying out and repeating herself. And I sat in a chair with my head between my hands, and tried to think I'd gone mad. I dessey one of us had—one or both.

In the first place—to put it more or less in order—it seems the governor had come there between twelve and



In the shabby village Buddha's Eye abides once more in the dark old Temple

one the night before. The woman let him in, but didn't know who he was.

"A tall, thin gentleman, me lord, with gry 'air and a gry mustache and an eyeglass. I let 'im in. It's no business o' mine 'oo comes 'ere—nor yet at wot 'our. But 'e didn't stop no more than five minutes!

"I took 'im 'arf wy up the stair and pointed out Miss Montmorency's door. She might a been expecting 'im, for she'd 'ad a message early in the evenink.

"The gentleman says:

"I've brought it, Milly! It's 'ere.' An' she gives a little glad kind of cry, and the door shut to be'ind them.

"Then in five minutes, or less, the gentleman comes down the stair agyne, an' I let 'im out. 'E gave me 'alf a quid. An' his eyes were very bright. 'E looked 'appy.

"It might a been a quarter of a nour later, Miss Montmorency called to me, and I went up. She was in 'er wite dancin' dress with bare arms an' legs. I was fair ashamed to look at 'er. An' on 'er forred she 'ad a grite red jewel—as big as an 'alf crown—or bigger yet. Fastened there by a gold band, it was. And she'd lit a lot of candles and stuck them about the plice, and the light of them struck on that red stone—she said it was a rooby—an' it looked like fresh blood.

"She was 'alf wild. An' no wonder.

"She stood in front of the lookin' glasses with 'er arms up, and took some dance steps, and that red rooby flashed like a—like a red signal light on the rilewy line.

"She says that she's going away to-morrow—meaning to-dy, me lord—for a week. An' then she's coming back to dance at the Palace agyne, wearin' 'er red rooby.

"So I went out and down the stair. She never even knew I went. She was staring at 'erself in the glass. "Maybe it was a nour later. Maybe 'alf a nour. I'd dozed off in me chair—awaitin' up for Mink. There came a most 'orrible long scream. A sort of screech, it was. And then another. 'Orrible!

"I says to meself, 'She's been and set 'erself afire with them candles!' And got upstairs as quick as I could run. The third floor back 'e stuck 'is 'ead out and says:

"'For Gawd's sake, 'oo's killed? Call the p'lice!' But I didn't answer 'im. I opened 'er door an' went in."

The woman's face turned quite yellow there, and she began to whimper and shake. She went on, whispering:

"It was all chinged. The room was all chinged. It wasn't the same room at all."

I stared at the old harridan, thinking she might be drunk. But she wasn't. She was frightened half to death, but she wasn't drunk.

"What the deuce d'you mean?" says I. "How was the room changed?" And she began to whimper again, wringing her hands.

"All chinged it was," she said in her scared whisper.

"It was like—opening a door and going quite unexpected into another 'ouse—that you 'adn't never seen before.

"And the smell! A queer smoky smell—like shootin' crackers. Maybe you smelt it when you come in, me lord? It's 'ere still."

I began to shiver a little.

"Get on!" says I.

"It was bigger, the room was—and 'igher—like as if the roof 'ad been took off. Only there was a roof, away up, because I could see the rafters. And all the candles was out. I couldn't see them nowheres. And the plice was dark—not black dark, but dim.

"And up in the middle of it, across from the door, was a *Grite Thing!*—a figger of a woman, like, as 'igh as a 'ouse, with its 'ead away up amongst the rafters. The woman 'ad short 'air all in little reg'lar knots—like a sort of cap, and a yellow fice, dirty gold color, and slanting eyes, like Chinees eyes, and ears with the lobes of them pulled down long. And she 'ad on a kind of dressing-gown, like it might 'ave been a bath-robe, me lord, 'anging in folds, and open down on 'er breast.

"And there was a wound just in the middle of 'er forred."

I fancy I cried out, there, and hid my face. And I know that I was cold all through and shaking. I wanted to stop the hag and have done with it all—and I wanted to get away, because I was afraid. But I couldn't stir. And she went on in her scared whisper, speaking as if she saw what she told about before her. I think I could have screamed.

"There it stood, this 'ere Grite Thing—woman or wotever it was—a-towering up in the 'alf dark quite still, only its eyes were alive—like there was fires in them.

"And I couldn't move 'and or foot.

"At first I 'adn't seen Miss Montmorency at all. I thought she'd gone along with the rest of the room. But after a minute I saw 'er—just a wite wisp on 'er knees before that Thing, with 'er 'ands over 'er fice.

"And once more she cried out—trying-like to scream, but it wasn't a scream. She couldn't.

"And the Thing bent over forward, and its eyes burnt red, and it stretched out one grite 'and, and caught 'er up in it. It caught up Miss Montmorency in its 'and like she was a little doll, and 'eld 'er in the air.

"She dangled there up over my 'ead, quite still and limp.

"And the Thing put out its other 'and and—and—Oh, my Gawd! I can't—it was like—"

I called on her to stop. I felt that I couldn't bear any more, but the hag seemed to be under some sort of a spell. She didn't seem to hear me.

"And then it dropped 'er! From away up 'igh it dropped 'er on the ground, and she lay there without moving—just like a little twisted wite rag. And I saw the rooby shining red on the Thing's forred where the wound 'ad been.

"And then I found I could stir at last, and I ran out on the stair, screaming, and the door banged be'ind me. "People came. And finally the police."

There was a lot more of it. The old woman went driveling on as if she couldn't stop. But it was mostly repetition, and calling God to witness that she'd told the truth, and what the police said, and what she'd said to them. It seems she'd had the sense not to tell them what she'd told me. I wonder just what tale she did give 'em? I fancy I didn't pay much attention. I was seeing horrors just then.

I asked her if she could find me a drink of something, and she brought me brandy in a glass-and-silver decanter I'd once given Milly. I drank a stiff peg of it, but it couldn't warm me. I rather think I've never been warm since.

I heard voices outside on the stair, and one of the policemen opened the door and the governor came in. He'd seen a newspaper, too, at his club, and his face was ghastly.

I couldn't talk, but the old woman went over her incredible tale again. Her sort seem to revel in horrors. And the poor old governor covered his face with his hands and heard her through. Only once, when Mrs. Mink began to describe the "Grite Thing," the woman "as 'igh as an 'ouse," he looked up and caught my eye, and I saw him go yellow and limp. He seemed to shrivel quite literally.

We got out of the place, leaving our names with the police officers, in case we should be wanted later, and I put the governor into a cab and took him home. I was bad enough, God knows! but the governor was worse. He was like a little bewildered child. I almost had to carry him into the cab, and, at Denforth House, out of it.

I got him to bed, and he stayed there for two days. We told the mater he'd had some sort of a stroke in his club.

Well, that's about all there was of it. The governor got up after two days, and he was like a man who'd been mad, but was sane again. But it had taken something out of him, you know. He was older. His bounce was gone.

We talked it over together in his study, quite open and frank. We didn't keep anything back. And I remember that, all at once, the governor gave a cry and said:

"Good God, Charlie! d'you realize what happened? He got the wrong stone. He made a mistake. What if He finds out and comes back?" And the poor old chap began to tremble. But I shook my head.

"No, he didn't, governor," says I. "He got the right one." And I told him what I'd done.

For a minute, you know, a touch of his old temper came back and he got fierce and red. Then he sat still for a long time, and at last stuck out one hand without looking up. And I took it.

"It's gone," says the governor. "Praise God! the curse is gone. Maybe we shall have a chance now, we Borrolds."

The mater came into the room, and when she saw us started to back out again, saying:

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know any one was here."

But the governor went to her and took her by the shoulders, and he said:

"Agatha, I've been a mighty bad lot—a bad husband to you, though not as bad as you may think. There's no excuse for me, but I'm sorry. D'you think you could take me back?"

The mater put her head down on his coat and began to cry, and I got out of the room.

So you see it seems to be all right again—all right for everybody but me.

"I'm afraid you've got to die, Lord Bray," says that old blighter Meacham.

All right! Who cares? Young Jerry'll be a better man than I could ever have been. I was done for long ago. A bad lot. I'm not denying it.

It's a bit young to go, but I don't think I care much about living on now that poor Milly's gone. I was fond of Milly. And yet, in a way, I killed her, didn't I?

I should like to find Milly, wherever she is, and explain that I didn't mean it.



A youth who wanted a job

WILLARD, the city editor of the best daily paper in Chicago, became conscious of some one standing at his elbow. Growing impatient at last, he looked up. But it was no member of the staff, nor a boy with a galley proof, nor a grouchy printer, nor, in fact, any one who had any business to be there.

Instead, a youth who wanted a job. Four times in two weeks he had been told there was no chance. Yet here he was again—and this time he had "broken in." The city editor turned fairly about to tell that youth a few things. He knew what the would-be reporter had to say. He had heard it all at least twice. He had worked on four daily papers in Michigan. He could "get a story" if anybody else could. He knew Chicago well enough not to get lost. And so on and so on. The usual talk of a man hunting for a job. It sounded right, too, but the fact was that the city editor had about one man too many, and there was really no chance. This he was about to impress on the applicant in his own inimitable ice-cold way, when the youth spoke.

There was a flutter in his throat, and his words were not those of assurance, self-possession, or the set speech of other days.

"For God's sake, won't you give me an assignment—anything?"

He could say no more. His voice broke on the last word, and he stood with trembling lips.

The words of disapproval in the editor's mind stood still. Emotion and newspaper work do not travel hand in hand. It is the beginning and the end of that game to laugh at tears, freeze pity from the heart, and mock one's soul. And the city editor had been at the game twenty years. On none of the four occasions before when the youth had called had he betrayed any emotion. Willard had rather liked him for that if nothing else, and now—and now the lad had "let go all holds," he had "quit." He was beaten.

History does not tell us that hunger was ever tried on the young Stoics of Rome. Youth will endure so long as the gnawing comes from without, but within—that's unfair. Perhaps such a thought ripped through the mind of the coldest city editor of his time—and in all climes and times city editors have been as bloodless as the stinging sleet of a winter's night. Never had Willard been moved by hard-luck stories, never had he given anything to one who had weakened. He was a part of the most merciless machine invented since the beginning of time. Hence it could not have been emotion or pity that caused him to reach toward the lad under

Bread on the Waters

The Young Reporter and the Newspaper Man of the Old School

By PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated by H. E. TOWNSEND

which his assignment notes lay. No, it must have been the hand of fate. He did not even look at the slip of paper his fingers lifted from the desk. He simply handed it to the starving lad and said:

"What it's worth."

The youth could not speak. He turned away with a flush of joy that brought tears to his eyes. Some hours later he laid his copy on Willard's desk and took a seat in the outer office. An hour passed. He was told the city editor wanted him. He walked in and stood.

"What's the name?" asked Willard.

"Carter—George Carter," he replied.

"Regularly," said the editor, and turned back to his desk.

In a year it is doubtful if the two men spoke beyond the orders and brief conversation necessary between editor and reporter. He was a good man, and Willard saw to it that Carter got the top salary paid. Willard wanted to keep him. But another paper sent for him. Carter went to Willard and told him.

"Go, if you can do better," said Willard, without resentment. And Carter went. Willard realized that Carter was playing the game according to its rough and tumble, "save himself who can" rules, and, while he was sorry to lose so good a man, admired him.

Years passed. They met sometimes and spoke, and that was all. Each went his way. There was never a thank you for the first assignment, never a reference. Willard was still the city editor, Carter became a star reporter. Then something happened in the newspaper world. The sensational, "yellow" methods hit Chicago like a hot wind. To Carter it meant a better chance and more money. He was young and learned the new trick quickly. Not so with Willard. He was past forty. He had been reared in the old legitimate school of newsgathering, and he resented the cesspool and burglar methods to his last drop of blood. It could not prevail, he argued, and held to his old forms. With a stubbornness born of indignation, he ran his paper "as a gentleman should" until the circulation began to fall away. He was sent for and asked to change his methods. He refused point-blank, and was discharged on the spot.

He went forth to find a job. But the world had changed in the ten years he had been "holding down a city desk." It was the "yellow" methods, he argued, but one day an editor dropped the word "old" in speaking of him. Finally he found himself at a copy desk, but it did not last, as he would not allow sensational writing to pass his blue pencil. Then he began to drift, and "poor old Willard," as Chicago knew him, was spoken of as a relic of other days. But his soul was resolute, and the old school dignity held him together as he tore a meager living from the clutch of circumstances.

It was all different with Carter. He became a pace-maker for sensationalists. He was made assistant, then city editor of Chicago's biggest daily. Cold, merciless, without regard for living or dead, he played the game to the limit. Within five years from the day Willard had given him his first chance, he had gone as far as he thought was worth while in a town of Chicago's size. He quit the best job in town, and went to New York. And he went to work at once.

Not at as good a job as he had left, but good enough for one who could master Chicago in five short years. Within six months he fixed his eye on a certain mark, and began to climb to that.

Willard stayed on in Chicago a year or two. Then he began to drift Eastward—he and his wife. They had been pals always, and in the twenty years since he had married her, a fresh, straight thinking girl, they had known nothing but love. Her belief in him was supreme.

His attitude of mind toward sensationalism she shared as faithfully as his meager bed and board. They might starve, but they would at least keep their own self-respect. He read copy, wrote editorials, and did everything that a man of his age could do, but some way,



A thin, gray old man entered

somehow, something of his resentment toward the monster sensationalism which had robbed his profession of dignity crept in until he was put down for a crank and passed along.

Finally he reached New York. It was on the day that Carter had reached his goal. But Willard did not know; in fact, he likely had forgotten Carter. And he began the search for work. An old man looking for a job on a newspaper. Not feeble, not helpless, not incompetent, not old, really, save to a newspaper. They remembered him, some of the men in high places; some had worked with him, some for him. But he was old. That ended it.

Weeks crept by—then months. He borrowed a little money, and somehow they lived—he and his wife with the soft voice and the lovelight in her eyes.

EVERY wave must recede, and one tires of the B flat cornet as a musical instrument. Carter, in the very height of his newspaper manhood, saw the coming of another age. Sensationalism had been overdone. While it was clear that newspapers would never go back to the old methods, it was just as clear that something must be done. Why not bring back some of the old things that were good, he argued. The idea evolved as the days went on until Carter knew exactly what he wanted. And that was a paragrapher—a good, old-time, caustic paragrapher. He laid out the space for the stuff, knew exactly how it would look, and was certain it would be read—could he but get the right man. But who? It was a lost art.

And then the hand of fate opened his office door, and a thin, gray, old man entered. He stood close to the door, his hat in his hand. It was Willard, whipped at the end of five years. There was nothing of the old spirit. His wife was ill and starving, and he had "let go all holds."

"For God's sake, won't you give me something to do—anything?"

The words came from trembling lips. The voice broke with despair. He did not know Carter. The years had changed him.

Carter's heart stopped at the cry of the beaten man. He reached for a copy of his paper that lay at hand and turned to the page on which he intended the paragraphs to appear. Then he picked up a pencil and drew a rude circle.

"There," he said, indicating the place. "Four columns wide, eight inches deep. Old-time paragraphs, Mr. Willard, six days a week, so long as I am managing editor here and you live."

The Automatic Senators

By MARK SULLIVAN

O. K.

Composite photograph of the Senators whose names are printed in lists on this page

into a simple picture—has represented clambering happily about Senator Aldrich's chair, the Senators who always vote as Aldrich tells them.

In the Senate discussion of the new tariff there have been upward of a score of votes in which each Senator has been compelled to go on record for or against the duty proposed by Mr. Aldrich. Many of these votes have been on minor, unimportant schedules. From among them we have selected these eight as being important and representative:

Lumber	Sugar	Iron ore	Cotton
Cutlery	Lead	Earthenware	Pig-iron

We print now the names of those *Senators who have voted with Mr. Aldrich on every one of these schedules*. In each case the duty in question was dictated by Mr. Aldrich as chairman of the Finance Committee. Then when the balloting came to determine whether this duty should be adopted Mr. Aldrich always voted first (the fact that his name begins with A was in the beginning one of the strategic sources of his power), and after him dutifully came all the Senators whose names are printed below, voting, in every case, exactly as Mr. Aldrich voted. They have had no ideas on the tariff that Mr. Aldrich didn't have first. The communities they represent have no business interests more to be considered than Mr. Aldrich's dictation. A charitable person might assume, although the assumption would cripple the law of averages, that in seven out of the eight schedules the ideas of these thirty-eight Senators, and the interests of their communities, would coincide with what Mr. Aldrich dictates; but eight times out of eight is, to borrow a phrase from the contemporary classics, "going some." The Senators who have voted with Mr. Aldrich on every one of the schedules are these:

Brandegge of Connecticut	Kean of New Jersey
Briggs of New Jersey	Lodge of Massachusetts
Burnham of New Hampshire	Oliver of Pennsylvania
Burrows of Michigan	Page of Vermont
Carter of Montana	Penrose of Pennsylvania
Dixon of Montana	Perkins of California
Flint of California	Piles of Washington
Gallinger of New Hampshire	Root of New York
Guggenheim of Colorado	Scott of West Virginia
Hale of Maine	Smoot of Utah
Heyburn of Idaho	Stephenson of Wisconsin
	Wetmore of Rhode Island

The following Senators must be added to the list above. Their record is exactly the same except that upon some schedule each of them was either absent or "paired." (For example, Senator Frye of Maine is permanently "paired" with Senator Tillman of South Carolina. This merely means that whenever Tillman is absent, Frye does not vote.) This list is distinguished from the other merely to be technically correct. No man on either list voted *against* Aldrich on any schedule:

Bradley of Kentucky	Dillingham of Vermont
Bulkeley of Connecticut	Elkins of West Virginia
Clark of Wyoming	Frye of Maine
Crane of Massachusetts	Nixon of Nevada
Cullom of Illinois	Smith of Michigan
Depew of New York	Sutherland of Utah
Dick of Ohio	Warner of Missouri
	Warren of Wyoming

With this faithful band as a nucleus, and a few Democrats on one schedule, a few other Democrats on another, Aldrich has been able to be an autocrat. *Their servility has made his autocracy possible.*

Aldrich

WE wish the insurgents were less restrained in their attitude toward Aldrich. Some of them are very much terrified by his one conspicuous power, his ever-present threat, always hinted at, but never put in execution, to read them out of the Republican party. When Aldrich called the opposition a "heterogeneous combination," Beveridge, who is among the less courageous of the insurgents, began to search his soul for sounds to tell how good a party man he is. Cummins is more debonair. Said he:

"Mr. President, evidently some of my Republican associates have been a little disturbed at the suggestion that they are Democrats. That has long ago ceased to disturb me. A certain kind of republicanism has been calling me a Democrat

for the last six or eight years, and I have become so accustomed to the charge that I can hear it with unruffled composure; and I hope that these friends of mine, who seem to think that the country at large will regard that as a disparagement, will take courage, because there is an intelligence abroad now that weighs the opinions of men and determines the position of men without regard to appellations and without regard to the attempt here or elsewhere to expel men from the Republican Party because they are not willing to accept the Republican doctrine as it is expounded by those who are about us."

Nevertheless, as to most of the insurgents, the party fetich is at once Aldrich's club and his defense. If it were a matter of man to man, and the insurgents were free to say outright what they feel about Aldrich, that autocrat's power would melt to limps. La Follette is the one man who gives his indignation free rein and defies Aldrich to his face. No well-informed person will give Aldrich credit for any higher motive than service to the organized wealth which he represents. This Senator is not a pleasant public character. His financial relations with the powerful capitalists who profited by his work in making a former tariff have already been told in print. Still later, when the Dingley bill was being made, Aldrich entered into a conspiracy with William Whitman, of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, by which Whitman's confidential man, North, was secretly permitted to write the woolen schedule, for which North received \$5,000 from the Association. During the present session Aldrich has been caught repeatedly in false statements designed to further his own ends. Where he can be, he is bullying and brutal; where he must be, as to some Southern Democrats, he is fawning and truckling.

Urbanity

SENATOR ALDRICH, speaking of Senator Beveridge, achieved this euphemism for the shorter and uglier word:

"It seems to me there are some Senators who are without imagination at all. I do not think the Senator from Indiana belongs to that class, because I think he has an inflated imagination."



Mr. Aldrich's Senators

For the proper names of these amusing little manikins, read the list of Senators printed on this page

This is characteristic of the vulgar bullying with which Senator Aldrich intimidates some of the younger Senators who oppose him. Senator Beveridge has faults of boyish zeal and self-consciousness, and even of taste, which, quite fairly, make older Senators smile at him, but there is not a more conscientious man in the Senate. Senator Aldrich's misstatements of fact have no relation to an excited imagination—they are entirely cold-blooded, intended to deceive, and part of his general determination to achieve the purposes of organized wealth.

From a Prime Minister

THE statesman who uttered these words has been dead a good many years. He was a

free trader, but we would match his wisdom against the spirit that has made the present tariff:

"I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who from less honorable motives clamors for protection because it conduces to his own individual benefit; but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food—the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

The eloquence which lies in the simplicity of that paragraph has not been matched in this Congress.

Collier's maintains at Washington an office in charge of a legislative expert who will be glad to answer any questions concerning the work of Congress and the Government at Washington. Address Collier's Congressional Record, 901 Munsey Building

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

The Week

THERE has been no sudden flare-up among the kingdoms, nor as yet any renewal of recent hostilities. Turkey continues more placid than her enemies had hoped.

Germany, observing that Great Britain does not care to play the game of being friends, has grown irritated and even bitter in a few of the public remarks of her statesmen. Lord Rosebery's phrase of "that threatening and overpowering preparation for war" proved not to be a winsome method of wooing a neighbor.

London, and indeed all England, has been entertaining the Imperial Press Conference—threescore proprietors, editors, and managers of newspapers read by subjects of the King in his dominions overseas. Here were concentrated in one group the creators of public opinion for the Empire.

France has been eying the passing of the man who founded the great Parisian store, Magazines du Louvre, where all good Americans go when they buy. Chauchard died and was gathered to his fathers in a pompous emporium funeral, and wearing four pearls on his waistcoat, the market price of which, so Paris thought, would better have fed the hungry or bought some joy for children. So the procession and final rites were hooted and ridiculed in the deft way of the boulevardiers. It may well become a saying in Paris to mark a *bon mot* or a merriment: "I haven't laughed so since Chauchard died."

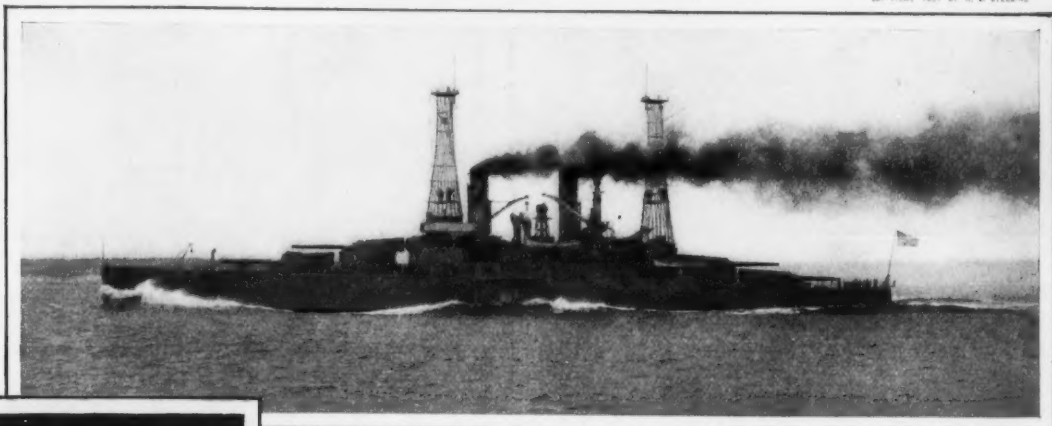
In the home country prosperity is not only promised, but it seems assured, if crops and money are a basis for hope.

In Washington the atmosphere of the week has been in a state of liquid air—hot and moist—that has visibly depressed our statesmen. Nightly the Senate has been thronged to hear the deep and rolling voice of La Follette and the other insurgents beating themselves, like waves on a breakwater, against the high-tariff ramparts. The Wright family, all of whom fly, spent a dashing day in the capital city, and were much honored and little moved. The President looks fatigued and careworn. The job does not sit lightly on his competent shoulders.

The Wright Family in Washington

ALL through the Washington day of honor for the Wrights, that which colored every situation—the welcome at Union Station, the breakfast at the New Willard, the large reception at the Cosmos Club, the President's welcome and medal presentation at the White House—was their invincible modesty.

Four hundred people were swirling around the refreshment tables at the Cosmos Club—stout diplomats, men radiating importance, an ex-President's daughter. The Wright family were lost in that crowd. Occasionally the eye would pick them up quietly chatting with a neighbor, or looking out for the sister, who was a happy little woman that day. But it was impossible to make them the center of any group. You feel that they want



The U.S.S. "Michigan" on Her Trial Trip

The battleship developed a speed of 20.01 knots

In appreciation of the industry and courage of the people of San Francisco in rebuilding their burned city, the French people, through their Ambassador, M. Jusserand, presented to the city, on June 5, a medal of commemoration. It was received with appropriate ceremony by Mayor Taylor and other notables

France Praises



The \$360,000 Holbein

This portrait of the Duchess of Milan, loaned by the Duke of Norfolk to the National Gallery, was about to be sold to an American bidder, when a gift of £40,000 from an unnamed person, said to be a woman, saved the picture to the English nation



Mr. Taft is the first President since George Washington to give official recognition to air-flight. Washington is reputed to have witnessed a balloon ascension. It was the first whole-hearted piece of recognition for the Wrights that has emerged from the "seat of government." But all past neglect was swallowed up in the hearty, humorous appreciation of Mr. Taft, sincere as the man himself who said it and the men to whom he said it. They stood there so simply and quietly, beaming back at the President as he jested about their slowness and his heft, and then, with lowered head, they heard him say that they had probably laid down for all time the principles on which heavier-than-air navigation will proceed. That modest mien of theirs finally moved the President to close his speech with a tribute to the men that, unagitated, have stood before kings.

Major George O. Squier, of the Signal Corps, says: "In the case of the Wright Brothers it is desired to associate the Signal Corps of the

army publicly and officially with the present universal recognition of their work in advancing the science and art of aviation. These results have been due to the persistence, daring, and intelligence of these American gentlemen, to whom the whole world is now paying homage. It will ever be recorded that the classic series of public demonstrations first made by Orville Wright at the Government testing grounds at Fort Myer, Virginia, in September, 1908, and by Wilbur Wright at Le Mans, France, made a profound impression throughout the world, and kindled especially the patriotic spirit of the American people."

Edward Everett Hale

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, who died in Roxbury, Massachusetts, on June 10, was a national figure because he had been able to celebrate patriotism in a fresh way. Love of country has generally been rendered in its warlike aspects as a cry to arms or a shout of victory. In "The Man Without a Country" he was unusual in revealing the sentiment of patriotism as a steady flame instead of the sudden spurt of the battlefield.

This popular story was in key with Dr. Hale's life as a citizen. He was a humanitarian, but without losing himself in that vague wash of the modern brotherhood which obliterates national and racial lines. He was a hearty lover of the race, but, unlike many modern idealists, he never offended the primitive instincts of clanishness and love of the fatherland.

Our rapid, irreverent American life has often shown itself glad to vent its kindlier sentiments on some one person in the community, advanced in years, whose life-work has been honorable. Such a venerable figure for the Boston and the Washington community Dr. Hale has been.

In his two most famous stories, "The Man Without a Country" and "My Double and How He Undid Me,"



Wreck of the Canadian Locks at Sault Ste. Marie

The gates at the lower locks were rammed June 9 by the steamer "Perry G. Walker." The water rushing down the locks damaged them to the extent of \$250,000. The steamers "Crescent City" and "Assiniboia" were swept into the river below. It is believed that the lock will be out of commission for the rest of the season



Bad Air vs. Good Work

You can't do your best work—and you shouldn't expect it of others—in a stuffy, perhaps smoke-filled room, breathing the same air that has been breathed over and over by several people. Pure air is just as necessary as pure food. Poor ventilation produces not only discomfort and loss of energy, but greater susceptibility to disease.

The only way to get fresh air indoors at reasonable cost is to use a

STURTEVANT Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set

Desk and ceiling fans do not ventilate, they simply stir up the stagnant air, and make you feel a little cooler. Ventilation by means of windows is slow and insufficient, and subjects you to drafts. To produce real ventilation the stagnant air and disease germs must be removed and fresh air substituted. This is just what the Sturtevant Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set does. Completely changes air in an ordinary room in from 10 to 15 minutes at a cost of only one to three cents an hour. Simple, noiseless, mechanically and electrically perfect. Indispensable in the office, workroom, home, in the sickroom, smoking rooms, telephone booths, phonograph dictation and listening rooms, and scores of other places. It will pay you to investigate. Write today for Bulletin 108-C.

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61 New Oxford St., London 14 St. Helen St., Montreal



Standard outfit. Self-stropping, silver-plated razor, 12 blades and five horsehair strops contained in leather case, \$5. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days' trial.

Genuine Panama Hat \$1.00
An exceptional introductory bargain, imported direct. Same as much higher priced Panama hats, but rather coarser weave. Weight 2oz. Very durable, and so flexible it can be shaped to any style for man, woman or child. All sizes. Mailed prepaid for \$1.00; 2 for \$1.88. Money back if unsatisfactory. A better hat, rare, fine weave, blocked, with band and sweat band, regular value \$7.50, to introduce, express paid, for \$3.75. Catalogue of Mexican and Panama Hats FREE.
FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. FR 64, Meilla Park, New Mex.

SUCCESS HAND VACUUM CLEANER \$15
In one operation, cleans, sweeps and dusts. No pipes, no wires or other installation. Ready for instant use. Weighs only 8 lbs. Lasts in continuous use for years. Unconditional refund if not wholly satisfactory. Agents and dealers wanted. Our proposition is a whirlwind for business. Our agents making big money. Write quick for discounts and full selling plan.—Hutchison Mfg. Co., 331 Wood St., Wilkesburg, Pa. (Greater Pittsburgh)

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CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., Dept. 87, Chicago, Ill.

BELLE ISLE Marine Engine

2 to 3 H.P. Bare Engine \$23
Swiftest, most powerful, efficient and reliable 2-cycle engine of its size on earth—entirely new design, improved and perfected in every detail—makes speedy little launch from an ordinary row-boat. Catalogue describing all sizes FREE.
New Belle Isle Motor Co., Dept. L, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Hale used the method of Defoe and of modern newspaper men in creating effects of reality. He loaded his paragraphs with such details as the time of day and the number of the house in the street, and by this casual exactitude and accumulation of the concrete he made his imaginative narrative proceed like a fact recital.

The man without a country is Philip Nolan, army officer, who angrily says: "Damn the United States! I wish that I might never hear the United States mentioned again."

That is his very sentence, and on navy vessels he spends a lifetime, in which, by order, no mention is made to him of his country. He learns his lesson by this slow and rather tragic marooning.

In his life Dr. Hale was editor, author, clergyman, and social reformer. He was once minister of the Second Unitarian Church in Worcester, Massachusetts, and since 1856 he led the South Congregational Church of Boston. Since 1903 he had served as chaplain of the United States Senate.

He had been editor of the "Christian Examiner" and of the "Old and New Magazine."

Among his writings are: "Ten Times One is Ten," "In His Name," "If Jesus Came to Boston." All told, he published nearly fifty books—novels, histories, sociological books, sermons, short stories. He was born in Boston in 1822.

A little late in the group, but still of the group which included Emerson, Holmes, Sumner, Phillips, Motley, Thoreau, and Lowell. Hale was a Harvard man and also a unit in the Athenian community, inhabiting and leavening Boston, Concord, and Cambridge.

A motto to which he gave international currency is: "Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand."

The Destroyers

GREAT BRITAIN is planning the most convincing spectacle of naval power in her thousand-year history. The greater part of the home and Atlantic fleets will draw up in the Thames on July 17, and for four succeeding days. One hundred warships will stretch from Westminster to the Nore.

Twenty-four battleships, such as the *Bellerophon*, *Téméraire*, and *Agamemnon*, sixteen armored cruisers, six depot ships, five warships attendant on the destroyers, will be among the craft riding at anchor at Southend, Marsh-End, Canvey Island, East Tilbury, Rosherville Pier, Mucking Lighthouse, Purfleet, Woolwich Reach, and Silvertown.

The Knapp Cure

THE Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration Work is an instance of taking education to the man on the job and luring him into the better way. It is instructing the Southern farmers, by practical demonstrations on their own farms, in the best methods of soil cultivation. A subdivision of the United States Department of Agriculture, and conducted by S. A. Knapp and his son, two men who have had twenty-five years of familiarity with Southern agricultural problems, the work aims at these final results:

1. The emancipation of the farmer from the bondage of debt.
2. The ownership of more and better tools, teams, and stock on the farm.
3. The improvement of the land.
4. Better rural school buildings and more months of schooling.
5. Better highways, rural-mail delivery, and telephone service.
6. Contentment with the life of a farmer.

A man familiar with local conditions, a practical farmer, is sent around to the farmers in his community. "Use five acres in the way I advise you," he says, "and I will give you the seed for nothing."

The farmer complies, and cotton, say, or corn is planted and cultivated by the best modern methods.

There is a system of three sorts of agents. The local agent comes from the neighborhood in which he is going to do his work. He receives \$75 a month. He drives around day by day through the dif-

ferent farmers, makes these suggestions for new methods of planting, and then returns from time to time to see that they have been carried out. He has absolutely no expenses, because he uses his own horse and team and the farmers put him up for nothing. If he were to go to a hotel he would be at a remove from the sources of information, but when he goes right into the family he is able to convince his host of the best thing to do in planting. Over him is the district agent, who receives \$100 a month and expenses. These expenses are the railway fares which he has to pay out in traveling from county to county where his men are at work. Over the district agent is the agent for the State, who receives from \$125 to \$150 a month.

The department has 325 such traveling agents. It watches their careers by a system of gaudy-headed pins which are placed in a map and moved about from town to town as the agents make their rounds. Oftentimes the locality will vote part of the salary for the agent because it sees the large benefit to its local needs. Sometimes a community will give \$100 a month to a district agent and the department will then add \$25. The Government gives an appropriation of \$225,000 a year, and the General Education Board gives \$102,000 a year.

This demonstration system began with the fight against the boll weevil of Louisiana. The campaign was then taken up in Texas, and since then has spread through Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Mississippi, but not only has it been a campaign against the Mexican boll weevil, but also the other local needs have been considered and the work has extended itself over into Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia. These demonstrators are preaching to their locality the need of raising supplies of all sorts at home, and of cultivating cotton intensively as a cash surplus, by raising corn and the other supplies on the same farm. The one-crop idea has been disastrous to Southern prosperity. The great central West made itself independent by raising its own supplies of every sort, instead of sticking to the one-crop idea.

The Easy Doctor

ASTRONG and intelligent section of the community is desirous of a rigid enforcement of the immigration laws, and some desire an extension of the statutory power of exclusion. The following item states that the Queens-town examination of immigrants sailing to America was wholly inadequate on a certain day.

It is an extract from the unpublished report of the Sub-committee of the United States Immigration Commission.

"The Sub-committee of the Immigration Commission, consisting of Senator A. C. Latimer and Representative John L. Burnett, to whom was referred the territory of northern Italy, France, Switzerland, and Germany, on the European trip, respectfully report:

"Memorandum of Commissioner John L. Burnett of his trip from London through England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland:

"August 29—I arose early and went down to the dock where a tender was to carry the emigrants to one of the ships sailing to America.

"I did not make myself known, and directly the third-class were ordered aboard. The doctor stood at the gangway, as the employees said he would do, and I stayed till every one of them had gone on, and not a single eye or head was examined, nor any other examination made. I visited Mr. Culver, the American Consul, afterward, and asked him about the examination at the gangway, and he said they were very rigid. This did not conform to what I had seen, although I did not let Mr. Culver know that I had witnessed it. The Consul is an honorable man, and had his deputy at the gangway where the third-class passengers were being examined, and no doubt thought it was properly conducted, but I fear he is being imposed upon. The Consul informed me that the emigration from southern Ireland to the United States and Canada was considerable, and that it practically all passed through Queenstown."



Until the Summer is Over, Bid Your Oven Good-by

Next winter go back to home-baked beans, if you will. But have some of your summer meals ready to serve. Let us bake your August beans.

It requires sixteen hours of soaking, cooking and baking to prepare a dish of home-baked beans.

That's why you don't serve them often in summer. You are seeking for dishes that require less heat.

But let us have the heat, the work and the worry. We will send you the meals all ready to serve.

And we promise delicious meals. They will be the finest baked beans in the world. We will try to please you so well, if you try us for a month, that we can keep your trade forever.

Baked pork and beans, when the beans are digestible, make an ideal summer dish.

Don't judge them by home-baked beans—beans that ferment and form gas. They form, it is true, a severe tax on digestion.

But Van Camp's do not. They are baked in steam ovens. We apply twice the heat that you can in a dry oven.

The heat breaks the granules so digestion acts instantly. There's nothing easier to digest than a dish of Van Camp's beans.

And Van Camp's are delicious, for every bean is left whole.

None of the crisped beans that you get in home baking. No beans that are mushy and broken. They are mealy because they are perfectly baked, and nutty because they are whole.

Then our tomato sauce is baked into the beans, giving a delicious blend. Everyone likes Van Camp's pork and beans. One never can serve it too often.

Good beans are 84 per cent nutriment. And one-fourth of that nutriment is nitrogenous. This is Nature's choicest food.

And beans, as you know, are cheap. With more food value than the choicest beef, they cost not a third as much.

And they are ready to serve if you buy Van Camp's. Every can in the pantry means a meal without cooking.

So we ask you to try them for August. Don't spend summer hours around a hot stove. Now is the time to learn what this dish means to you—to learn how your people like it.

And don't buy from hand to mouth. Have them on the pantry shelf. Always buy a dozen cans.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

More people are using Van Camp's beans than all other brands together. For nobody ever wants common beans after once tasting Van Camp's.

Some time try to bake beans as Van Camp's are baked—having them nutty, mealy and whole. You will realize then what a science this is. We have spent 48 years in learning it.

Nobody ever yet has baked beans that begin to compare with Van Camp's.

We use only the whitest and plumpest of Michigan

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

beans. Every bean is picked out by hand. They cost us four times what some beans would cost.

We use only vine-ripened tomatoes, to get a sauce with sparkling zest. It costs us five times what some sauce would cost.

But we have an enormous business staked on this single dish. So we make it without regard to cost—make it as people like it. It will pay you to insist on Van Camp's.

Van Camp Packing Company, Established 1861 Indianapolis, Indiana



Gillette Safety Razor

SLIP a Gillette Safety Razor, Pocket Edition, into your vacation grip.

You'll find it the most useful single article in your whole outfit. The GILLETTE has solved the shaving problem for summer, winter and all the time.

Whether at the mountains or sea-shore, hotel or cottage, on the trip or in camp, you can always be sure of a clean, satisfying shave with the GILLETTE at hand.

No stropping, no honing. Any man can use it. It insures a perfect shave, no matter how tough the beard or tender the skin. It is the one safe razor and the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

No matter where you go—at home or abroad—you'll find the GILLETTE in use and you will be able to supply yourself with GILLETTE blades.

The New Pocket Edition is about the handsomest and cleverest little device you ever saw; pocket case is made in gold, silver, nickel or gun-metal. Plain polished suitable for the engraving of initials or monogram or richly engraved in Renaissance or Floral designs. Handle and blade box each triple silver-plated or 14K gold-plated.

Prices \$5.00 to \$7.50, on sale everywhere.

You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush—a new brush of GILLETTE quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber; and GILLETTE Shaving Stick—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

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Delicious—Antiseptic

Combines efficiency with
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They
fit so well
you
forget
they're
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The Guest That Tarried

(Concluded from page 15)

and Norah and the old people would have none of it. The sick seldom realize the drag and drain made upon them who nurse and serve them, and Mrs. Brennan would hear of no one touching her save Norah or Nolan; and Norah flamed out at any stranger from Askatoon, which had so cruelly treated them, entering the sick-room. A little help—very little—was accepted for the kitchen and the garden, but the burden and the watching and the wearing care of the sick-room remained their own portion.

Another spring came, and then the early summer—the first of June; and then the end came like a sudden gust of wind in a still valley, which whirls the dead leaves and lifts old branches from the ground, and while yet the valley is all tremulous and disturbed, the gust becomes a gale, and the floods break loose, and villages are swept away.

The end fell suddenly—but not like that. There came to the door of the house of Brennan one bright morning a man bearded and big and buoyant. He had in his hands a canvas bag, such as postmen or fishermen use, and in his eyes was a light of humor and eagerness and anxiety all in one. He knocked at the lintel of the open door and entered. As he did so a figure came slowly from the other room, bent and feeble and gray-haired. At sight of the bearded stranger the old man stood still for an instant, bewildered and troubled, and then with a moan of joy he stumbled forward.

"Terry—Terry—Terry, me own boy!" he cried, and was caught in the strong arms. The old man convulsively clutched the man's hands and kissed his cheek. "Shure, God wouldn't let me die till I'd seen you once again. 'Now let Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word,' he added. Then, after an instant, he said: 'Let me break it to her—to your mother, Terry. Oh, God, be praised! 'Tis just in time you've come, for you'll set things right—Terry, Terry.'"

But the quick ears of love had heard; the ears that had listened so long had grown acute beyond all usual measure. They heard the voice of the old woman calling from the bedroom.

"Terry, my son—oh, my son, my own son!"

A moment later her arms were round him, drawing him close—her arms were round him, for thus much had Norah and Nolan done. They had brought her back from the moveless life, to the use of all her body again, albeit feeble and uncertain; and her face shone as she held her boy's hand in hers, and she told him of the months that had gone, and of Nolan and all he had done, of Norah and all she had suffered. And the strong man shook with sobs as he heard the tale, and looked at these two beloved beings brought back from the brink to the height of land where the feet are firmly placed.

"There was a piece in a newspaper—I got it down in New Orleans," he said at last. "Lifted out of a sermon preached at Askatoon it was, and I came as quick as I could. I ought to have come before, but—"

He paused, for some one was entering the room—the ghost of a man, as frail and worn as one that has come back from the desert, its famine and its thirst. The hair was no grayer, but the face was sunken and the eyes were like caverns in which great lights glowed. He moved with an effort at briskness—a pitiful attempt to imitate the days that were gone.

"Oh, 'tis you—'tis you—and in good time!" he said feebly, and in a voice husky with weakness. "You can take my place, Terry, for I'm not feelin' so well as I might; but 'twill be all right in a day or two if you'll take the shift. Turn and turn 'll do it."

The strong man put an arm round him, drew him into the other room, and seated him peremptorily, yet gently, in the great armchair.

"Yes, 'twill be all right now, Nolan," he said with a voice blurred.

"She'll need good care yet," Nolan said; "they'll both need watchin', but the worst is over, and they're steppin' out into the sun—out into the sun."

"'Tis fifteen years since you stepped in out of the rain," said Terry. "I met Norah and the Doctor on the road here, and they told me all I wanted to hear. I wouldn't let 'em come back with me."

"But I've earned me bed and bread this past year and more. Shure, I can say that, Terry. 'Tis all I can say, I owe them for the rest."

"Owe them—God's love, owe them! I

tell you what, man, I owe you two lives as dear to me as my own, and I mean to pay you for them, one way or another."

"How d'ye mean to be doin' that?"

"Well, first, I'll be settin' you up in any business that you like—when you're filled out again, and look like a man and not a disembodied spirit."

"Settin' me up in business? How'd ye be doin' that?" He looked at Terry's bag on the floor. Terry's clothes were not especially fine. He did not look lush.

"With a few thousand dollars, Nolan. Listen now. I came here—I'd a fancy to do it—pretendin' to be as poor as when I left. But it's little they think of that—" he jerked a thumb toward the other room. "It was me, only me, they wanted. Well, there's my baggage"—he kicked the bag on the floor—"but here's my wallet," and he drew forth a great pocket-book, opened it, and took out a handful of thousand-dollar bills. "Nolan, my boy, I'm a millionaire—twice a millionaire—and in fifteen years. Mines—railways—mines again, and then a newspaper—and that's a mine too! There you are, Nolan." He chuckled and slapped Nolan's knee.

Nolan did not show surprise. He did not seem greatly moved by the sight of the money. There were other things in life.

"Shure, what else but a millionaire would you be wid your head, Terry? There was niver a head like yours; and I said that when I stepped in here fifteen years ago. You'll be doin' a lot for them, I suppose," he nodded toward the other room, "and for Shannon and for Norah?"

"They'll have everything and anything they want."

"Norah's a fine woman—oh, the finest and finest! To think that I've come into such a family! Put ye're hand behind ye're ear, Terry, and hear the news I've for ye. Norah's to be marryin' of me when we can lay hands on a priest—if ye think I'm not too old for her," he added innocently.

"Too old? Norah? Why she is—" Terry stopped short and changed the sentence. "Norah is the pick of the bunch; and the two of you are the best of the basket."

"Well, if I'm not too old for her—"

Terry smothered a laugh. "What kind of business shall I start you in, Nolan?"

"Shure, I think a stage 'twixt Askatoon and Cowrie would do. Four horses to the stage, and ten altogether—that'd mean a change and two for accidents as well. An' the stage painted red, and a horn—there'll not be a railway that way for ten years. Then there'd be breedin' of a few horses—I learnt about horses in Ireland and I cared for them in Injy—bedad, I did care for them there. Shure, that's a life to keep the blood stirrin'—a fine stage painted red, and a horn, and four horses forinst it, rattlin' the whipple-trees! Would that be too much, d'ye think, Terry? Could ye stand it now?"

"Well, of all the blasted—" But Terry turned away to choke back his tears!

A week later Nolan sat in the sun on the maple stump in front of the house, singing to himself:

"Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that Clancy married?
Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so green!
And when the neighbors wandered home,
I was the guest that tarried. . . ."

"What's that you're singin', Nolan?" said Norah's voice behind him.

Nolan started, as from a dream; then, with the resource of a resourceful race, he said with an air of delicate confidence and a candor quite inimitable:

"Oh, just a little anthem of the happiness that's comin' to us, Norah, dear." But he winked slyly to himself.

She laid a warm, kind hand on his head and looked down at him with a rich, low laugh, bubbling from her mouth.

"It's a fine tooth ye have in your head, Norah, girl," he said, glancing up at her, the rogue in his eye.

Her face flushed with pleasure. "That's what the Young Doctor said," she answered; and what the Young Doctor said had carried her on through many a dark day and night, not forgetting the help of Nolan Doyle.

"Oh, the Young Doctor—him? Shure, he's the best breed of Inniskillen. We'll ride a steeplechase yet together, him and me, same as we did beyand—under Calladen Hill."

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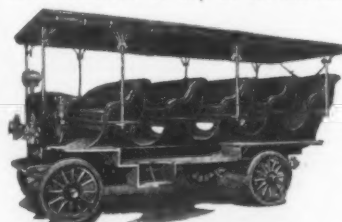
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The Foremost French Pioneer

A Story of Samuel Champlain's Voyages Which Are to Be Celebrated in a Series of Pageants on Lake Champlain Next Week

ELEVEN years before the Pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, the foot of an adventurous Frenchman had trod many miles into the interior of this continent.

In July, 1609, Samuel Champlain discovered and gave his name to the beautiful lake which lies between New York and Vermont. While New England still remained uninhabited by white men, and the English colony at Jamestown hugged the coast, looking to the mother country for food and protection, Champlain gazed upon the great lakes, crossed Huron and Ontario, and penetrated into the center of New York State.

Unlike most of the early pioneers who came to Canada, Champlain was neither a priest nor a fur-trader. He had many of the qualities which go to make up the soldier of fortune: the disregard of danger, the indifference to privation, the ardent love of adventure; but he was not the coarse, cruel, grasping soldier, lustful for blood and gold—he was the *preux chevalier*, gentle in time of peace, forgiving toward his enemies, generous and deeply religious. He was a captain in the royal navy during the reign of Henry IV, and, becoming tired of the perpetual warfare of the Old World, Captain Champlain resigned his commission to explore and colonize the new.

Suggestion of the Panama Canal

THE expedition which led to the discovery of Lake Champlain was by no means his first voyage to America. As early as 1599 he had gone as far south as the Isthmus of Panama, and had described the advantages to trade which would result in cutting a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In 1608 the Sieur de Monts received a grant from the King of France of all the territory between the fortieth and forty-sixth parallels of latitude. With a stroke of the kingly pen, De Monts was made feudal lord of a territory reaching from the neighborhood of Philadelphia to Cape Breton Island. Three years later James I of England granted to the Plymouth Company the right to establish colonies in this same region, paying no attention to the French King's claim, but this is also a kingly prerogative. De Monts selected Champlain to go and build a settlement in his new domain, and in doing this he chose one of the ablest of the early makers of America.

Champlain sailed from Honfleur in May, and, going up the St. Lawrence River, he built a few huts where to-day stands the picturesque old city of Quebec. Of course, he and his men had a hard winter. It was so severe that more than half of them died of scurvy. The Indians, who, like summer insects, lay by no store for the future, came to him and begged for food. They were literally starving, and fought among themselves for the carrion with which the Frenchmen had baited their traps. Champlain received them with great compassion, and gave them food from his own scanty supply. The generosity and humaneness with which he always treated the Indians won from them an enduring friendship. They never faltered in their trust in him, and never once betrayed his trust in them. Had it not been for this friendship on their part, he could never have performed the wonders he did in the way of exploration.

The March upon the Iroquois

THE spring of 1609 found him in good health and courage, planting his garden against the necessities of the winter to come. At this time a young Algonquin chief came to him and made just the kind of a proposal that would naturally appeal to the adventurous soldier. It was to join the allied tribes of Canada—the Algonquins, Hurons, and Montagnais—in an expedition against the Iroquois of New York. In return for the favor of his alliance, the Indians promised to take him, at some future time, to the Great Lakes and to show him where there were copper and other wealth dear to the heart of the European. Champlain agreed at once, and in May he set out, accompanied by eleven of his men and his Indian allies.

The party went up the St. Lawrence as far as the Richelieu River, which is the connecting link between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain. Here they found that they could not navigate the smaller stream in their shallop, and nine of the men went back in it to Quebec. Three-fourths of the Indians deserted at this point, leaving Champlain with two white companions and sixty Indians to invade

the Five Nations of the Iroquois—the fiercest, most ruthless warriors on the American continent. The Canadian Indians would never have dreamed of such an invasion if they had not had a sublime confidence in "the man with the iron chest," as they called Champlain.

They had a difficult journey up the Richelieu River, and coming down the western channel, past the islands of La Motte and North and South Hero, reached a point where the full expanse of the lake lay glistening under the July sun. If we eliminate the summer cottages which now dot the islands and shores, Champlain looked upon the same scene which the traveler who goes there on a pleasure trip sees to-day. On the left were the Green Mountains, whose summits of white limestone Champlain mistook for snowy peaks; on the right were the Adirondack Mountains and forests, then the favorite hunting grounds of the Iroquois.

The original plan of the Indians was daring enough to satisfy the love for the wildest adventure. It was to traverse Lake Champlain, go through Lake George, make a portage of a dozen miles, and, striking the Hudson, glide down that river to the sea, borne along by the absolute belief in the omnipotence of three muskets and three steel breast-plates. As will be seen, this plan was interrupted, but had it not been, Champlain would have antedated Henry Hudson's discovery by a few months, or, possibly, as traveling was a slow process in those days of Indian ambuscades, Champlain, going down the river, might have met Sir Henry on his way northward.

When the invaders reached the southern extremity of the lake, off a rocky promontory where Fort Ticonderoga was afterward built, they met the Iroquois, who, having got wind of the invasion, were coming to seek it. The first meeting was at night while both parties were in their canoes, and by common consent they agreed to wait until daylight before beginning the fight.

The inhabitants of New York State were very disdainful of the Canadian Indians. Having no information as to the great power which was concealed in their ranks, the Iroquois wondered at the temerity of their northern foes, and watched them closely during the night, to see that they did not run away without giving battle. Both sides spent the time in shouting boasts as to what was to happen as soon as it was light, but the Canadians were silent as to the secret of their courage.

At sunrise the Iroquois began the attack, and, as they advanced with more military precision than was usually shown in Indian warfare, Champlain took time to admire them: two hundred stalwart braves, in stature more majestic than any he had ever seen, and with three chiefs at their head, wearing a rude armor of wood bound with thongs.

Champlain Turns the Day

HAD it not been for the presence of Champlain the allied Indians would have turned tail and run. As it was, they became very anxious and called loudly upon their champion. Clad in light armor, with shining breast-plate and a plumed casque on his head, Champlain stepped through the ranks and strode forward until he was thirty paces in advance of his party. The Iroquois stopped short with astonishment. Here was an apparition to strike terror to the bravest heart, because it was the unknown and the mysterious. There were a few moments of silence; the Algonquins behind him were too intensely wrought by excitement to utter their shouts of defiance, and the Iroquois in front were too much astounded to move or speak. Champlain quietly raised his arquebus, and taking careful aim, as if he were shooting at a mark, put a bullet through the brain of one of the chiefs. Instantly pandemonium broke loose. The allies yelled like so many fiends; the Iroquois also yelled, but with a less certain note; then, with a valor which deserves to be chanted in their war-songs, they rushed toward this terrible foe, who, armed with a thunderbolt (which he had reloaded), launched it again in their faces. The two other white men, who had been concealed under buffalo robes in canoes nearby, suddenly opened fire. This settled the fight. No courage was proof against such odds, and the Iroquois fled in consternation, while the allies followed them to complete the victory.

Since that day Lake Champlain has been the scene of many a bloody conflict. Fort Ticonderoga was taken and retaken during the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars, the hills reverberated

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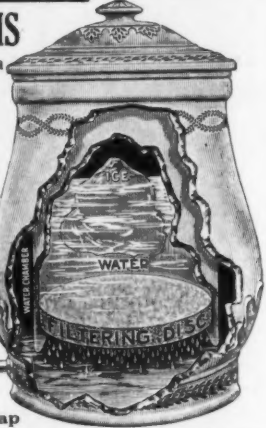
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with the thunder of cannon when Mac-Donough defeated the English fleet, but Champlain's shot, killing the Iroquois chief, was the first explosion of gunpowder to awaken their echoes. It won the day, but it kindled in the breasts of the defeated Iroquois a rage which did not become extinct for years—not until they had burned the villages of their enemies and practically annihilated the Huron and Algonquin tribes.

When the ceremonies attendant upon this victory were completed, the Canadian Indians were satisfied to return home, taking their hero with them, in triumph.

Six years later he made his longest and his last voyage into the interior of the continent. With a dozen white men and a band of Indians who were always eager to avail of his prowess against their Iroquois foes, he ascended the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, crossed Lake Huron and Lake Ontario, and came down into New York State as far as Canandaigua. Here he found a town of the Senecas which was fortified by a stout palisade thirty feet high and defended by a large force of warriors. Nothing daunted by this obstacle, Champlain and his men built a wooden tower with huge shields, capable of sheltering several men. When this was finished three or four of his men climbed into it, and two hundred of his Indians dragged it forward, very much after the fashion of the famous wooden horse which the Greeks employed at the siege of Troy, only in this case the vehicle rolled up in broad daylight, accompanied by the yelps of painted savages. From this portable fortress a raking fire was poured over the stockade. The ruse might have been successful if the attacking Indians had possessed more patience, but in their exultation they exposed themselves too recklessly and met with serious losses. Champlain himself was wounded by an arrow, and, although he drew it out and wanted to continue the fight, his allies suddenly became discouraged and drew off, carrying him with them. They were kind enough to him, nursed him in his wounded condition, and finally brought him safely back to Quebec, but he had lost prestige among them, for they had discovered that the man with the iron chest was not invulnerable.

He made many voyages between France and Canada, visiting the court at Paris, being feted by King and nobles, and returning to the hardships of life in New France with equanimity and pleasure, for his heart was in his work in the New World. Here, on Christmas Day, 1635, at the age of sixty-eight, he died, and at his death his country lost her foremost pioneer in America.



John Bull and His Island

IN APPROACHING his explanation of England and the English, Mr. Price Collier is attracted by the Englishman's breakfast. It is a solid repast of tea, eggs and bacon, cold meat, and jam. What you want is not refused, but what they like is gradually forced upon you. Thus the English govern their colonies. There is no raising of voices, no ridicule of your habits, just slow-moving, confident bulk. The Englishman holds himself at high value and, wherever and whenever possible, takes all he can get. It is done quietly, as a matter of right, with a subdued air of sanctity.

For other meals there are eggs, bacon, sole, beef, mutton, ham, tongue, chicken with potatoes, cabbage, and cheese. It is a man's diet, suited to men who play and fight hard and rule about one-fifth of the world. The Englishman likes it, sighs for it when separated from it, and those who survive are, as Mr. Collier admits, splendid animals indeed. It is washed down with a prodigious amount of malted liquors and heavy wines. In 1906 the English consumed twenty-eight gallons of beer each for every man, woman, and child. They spent over a thousand million dollars for drink, sport, and the navy.

Sport is a religion. Indeed, the English spend more, as Mr. Collier rather quaintly puts it, "on sport than they do on religion and education." Young and old play outdoor games together in a way almost unheard of here. It gives the boys manliness and poise, and keeps their elders fit. Keeping fit is a duty for these modern Romans. They never can tell when they will be called upon. When the South African war broke out, Lord Roberts, already an old man, and grieving then for the loss of his son, said: "I have been keeping myself fit for just such an emergency," and started for the front.

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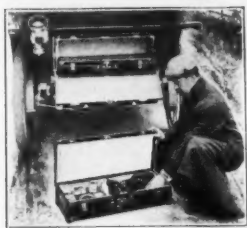
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women. Politics, not amusement, is its keynote. Echoes from the far-flung battle-line are always in the air. Fighting is going on somewhere. At London dinner-tables and clubs one is always meeting some one just setting out upon or returning from exploration, colonizing, or war.

More About an Englishman's Home

IN HIS home the Englishman is master. It is his castle, rather than his wife's. He spends a great deal of time there, and he likes to entertain and invest himself with a certain personal dignity. If he is living in a big house and loses his money, he would rather move to a small house and keep his servants than live apart and shabbily in the big house. Also, the horses for his wife's brougham will be sold before he will sell his hunters. The Englishman's domestic economy throws light upon the larger questions of British politics. The severest stricture that can be passed on a man's political course is that he neglects imperial interests for personal ambition, and the reason is that, in imperiling British interests, he imperils British incomes and thus the peace and comfort of the English home.

These are not new things, perhaps, but Mr. Price Collier, in his "England and the English," just published by the Scribners, puts them and much else in a new and especially understandable way. His own experience gives him an uncommon point of view. Mr. Collier was a student at the Harvard Divinity School in the early eighties; in 1903 he was living at Tuxedo Park and writing a book about driving. He knows Paris, Madrid, Vienna, Berlin, the City of Mexico and New York, and mentions an acquaintance with England extending over some thirty years. Toward his own countrymen his attitude is that of one who, although living in a fashionable country neighborhood from which detached but pleasant relations with Wall Street can doubtless be maintained, yet feels free to lambaste the vulgar new-rich.

He steps easily from budget statistics to French epigrams and coachmen's "hands." Yet, although decidedly a sportsman, his reticence toward a great Personage is worthy of remark. He is more inclined toward Cleveland, President Eliot, Charles Eliot Norton, Choate, and Root. He has no sympathy with Socialism nor votes-for-women, and in quite a London "Spectator" manner curtly dismisses such matters as "sentimentalism" and "effeminacy." Indeed, toward the whole altruistic tendency of to-day, Mr. Collier appears to present an almost early-Victorian opaqueness and indifference. Within the field which interests him, however, he is keen, widely-informed, and always vigorous and interesting.

The Sun that Never Sets

ALTHOUGH he deeply respects and has a real affection for this stout, red-cheeked, honest, sport-loving old fellow, Mr. Collier is not without misgivings about his future in a new, nervous, scientific age. "Although one may praise," he says, "and praise honestly, the game he has played, and the manly way he has played it, this need not interfere with the conviction that he is being caught up with—which means, of course, ere long, left behind—in the far more scientific game that Germany, Japan, and America are now playing." Many other vistas, similarly interesting, are lighted by Mr. Collier's book. He tells who the English are and discusses their home life in town and country, sport, society, Ireland, and the way they govern themselves and others. It would not be easy to find more interesting reading on such a subject at this time. A. R.

A Transcript of Tenement Life

CHARLES FORT has lately published an unusual book, "The Outcast Manufacturers." There is no story, and its language is elliptical, consciously terse, forbidding. Read the first chapter, in which his score or so of slovenly New York tenement types are created and staged, and you'll wonder why good white paper was spoiled to picture chaos, complete and sordid. Chapter II will interest you, and you'll sit up as late as is necessary to finish the transcript. Arthur Morrison and Gissing have gone to the heart of the London slums, and have made fair stories out of their accurate studies. Fort cares nothing for his story, and he is a rampant individualist as to style, but he makes his group of tenement incompetents live under your eye. It is superb verbal photography—atmosphere, humor, the sordidness of the people and streets, brief flashes of exaltation, the by-play of politics, poignant little tragedies, are thrown upon the pages sharp-edged and convincing. In place of a story there is a slow progression of the group. At the end you'll wonder who Fort is and what he thinks about his people. The book won't even give you a hint. J. M. O.



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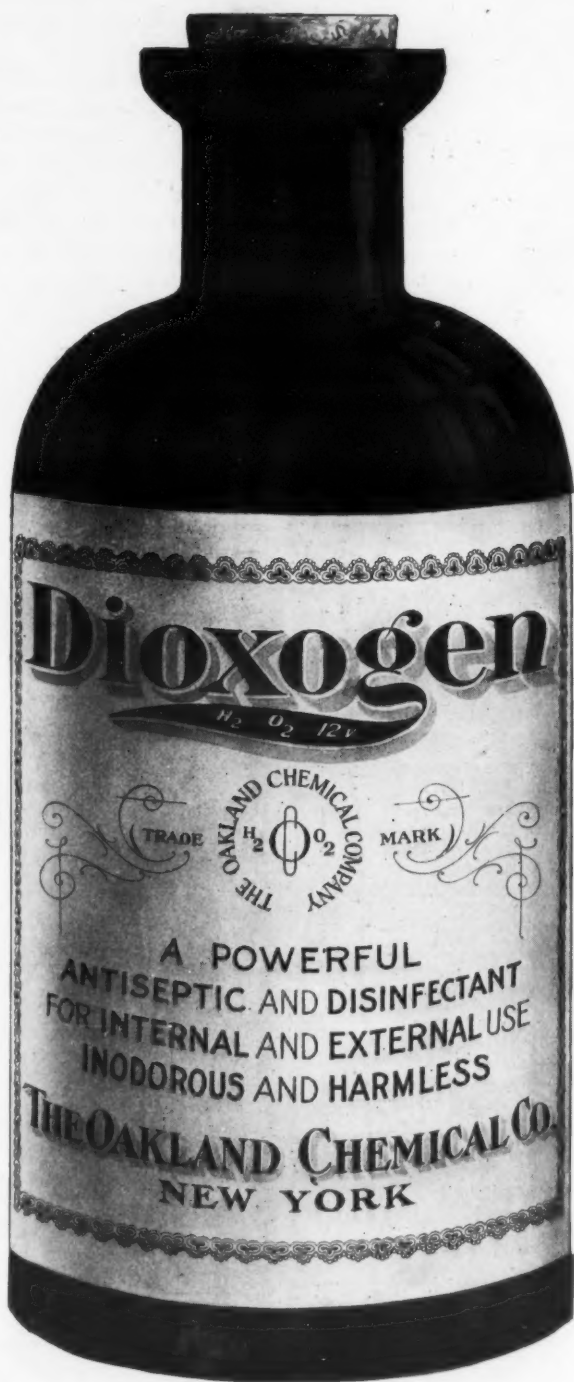
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